SPY

March 1992

NAKED SCHWARZENEGGER
Inside Arnold's Propaganda Machine

A SPY Prank
HEAD-HUNTING JOHN SUNUNU

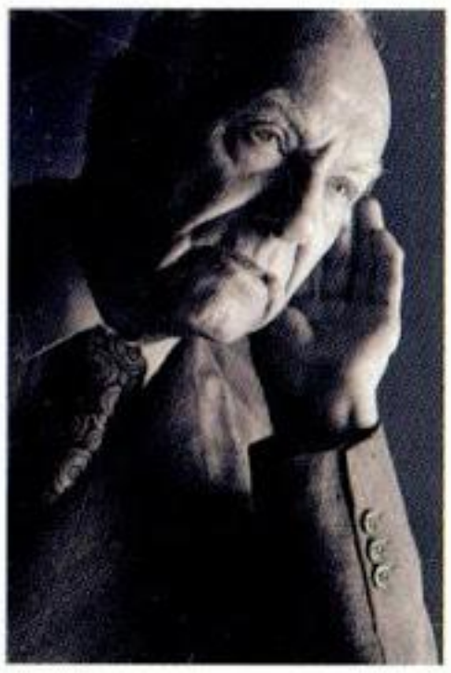
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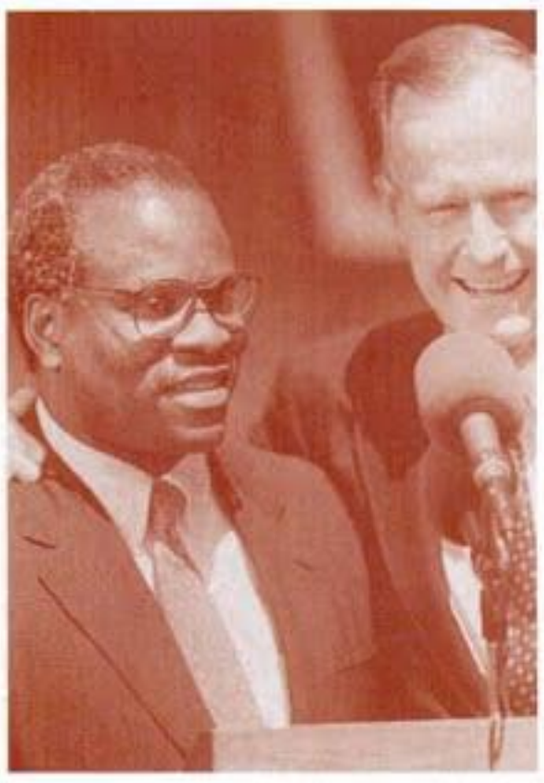
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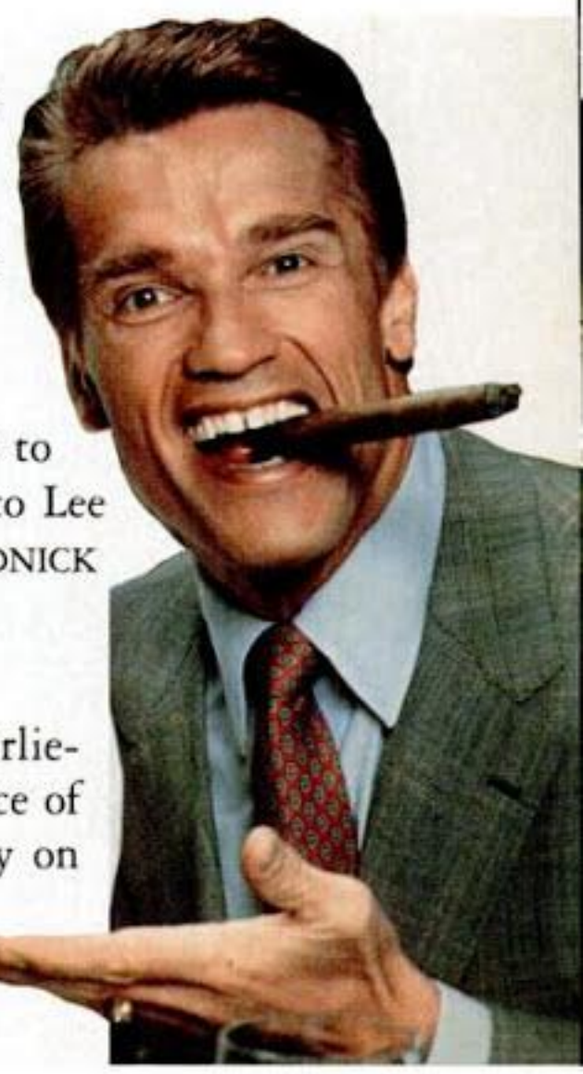


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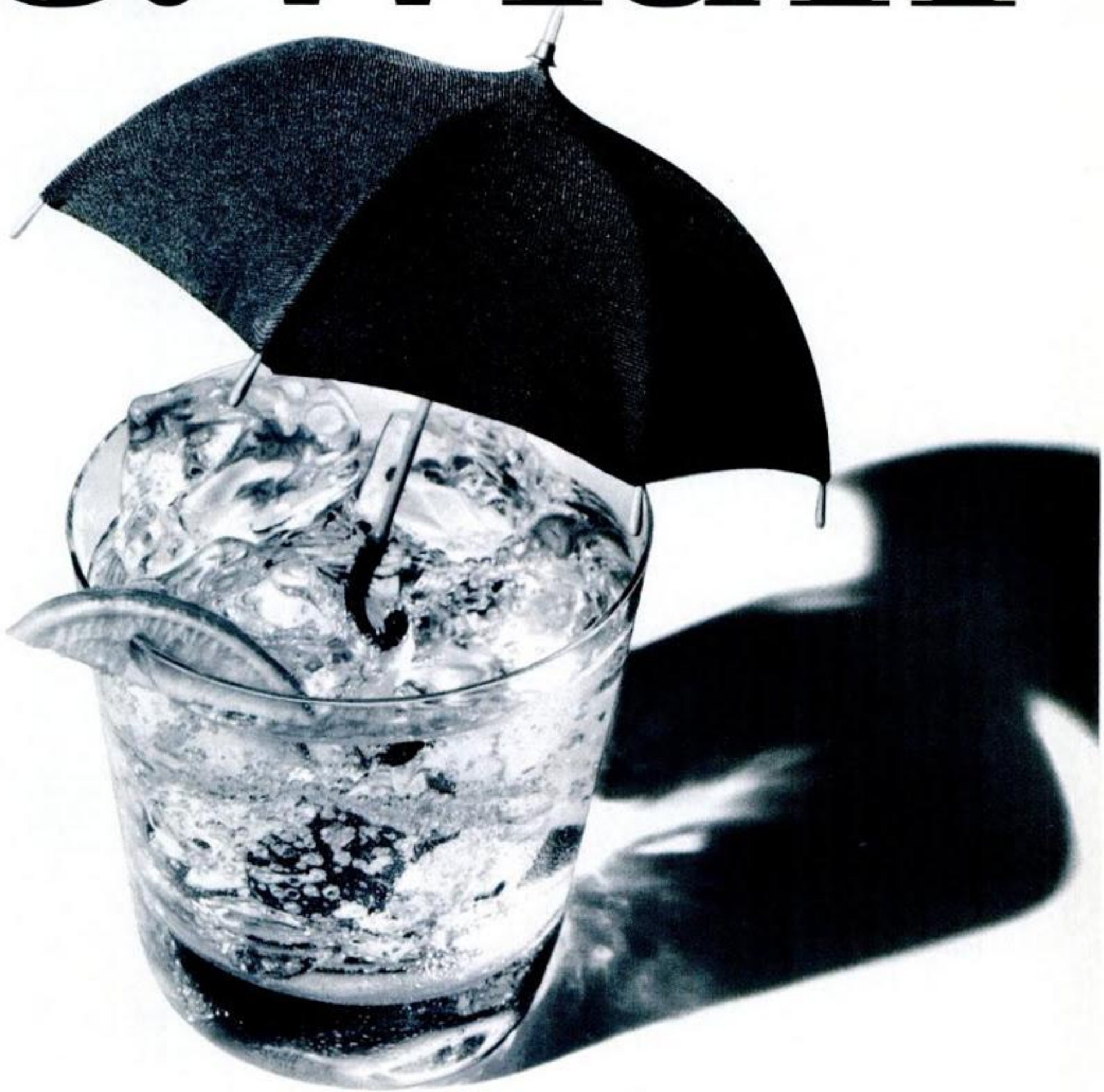
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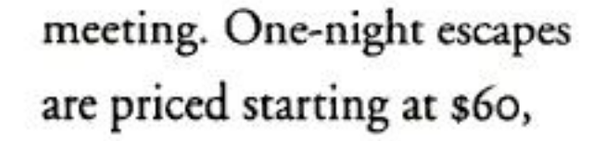
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Charles Fleming, who writes in this issue about Arnold Schwarzenegger and is not Celia Brady, covers show business for *Variety* and has contributed to *M* and *Time*, among other magazines. Having nothing in common with Arnold except a predilection for Cuban cigars, Fleming nevertheless harbors a perverse admiration for Schwarzenegger's control of the media: "He knows his product—himself—and he knows how to market it like a genius."



Contributor **Jeffrey Ressner**, who in this issue documents John Lennon's tape-recorded ruminations, says that despite living in Los Angeles and skateboarding occasionally, he has never seen *Beverly Hills, 90210*. Ressner contributes to *Rolling Stone* and recently became West Coast–bureau chief of *Us* magazine.

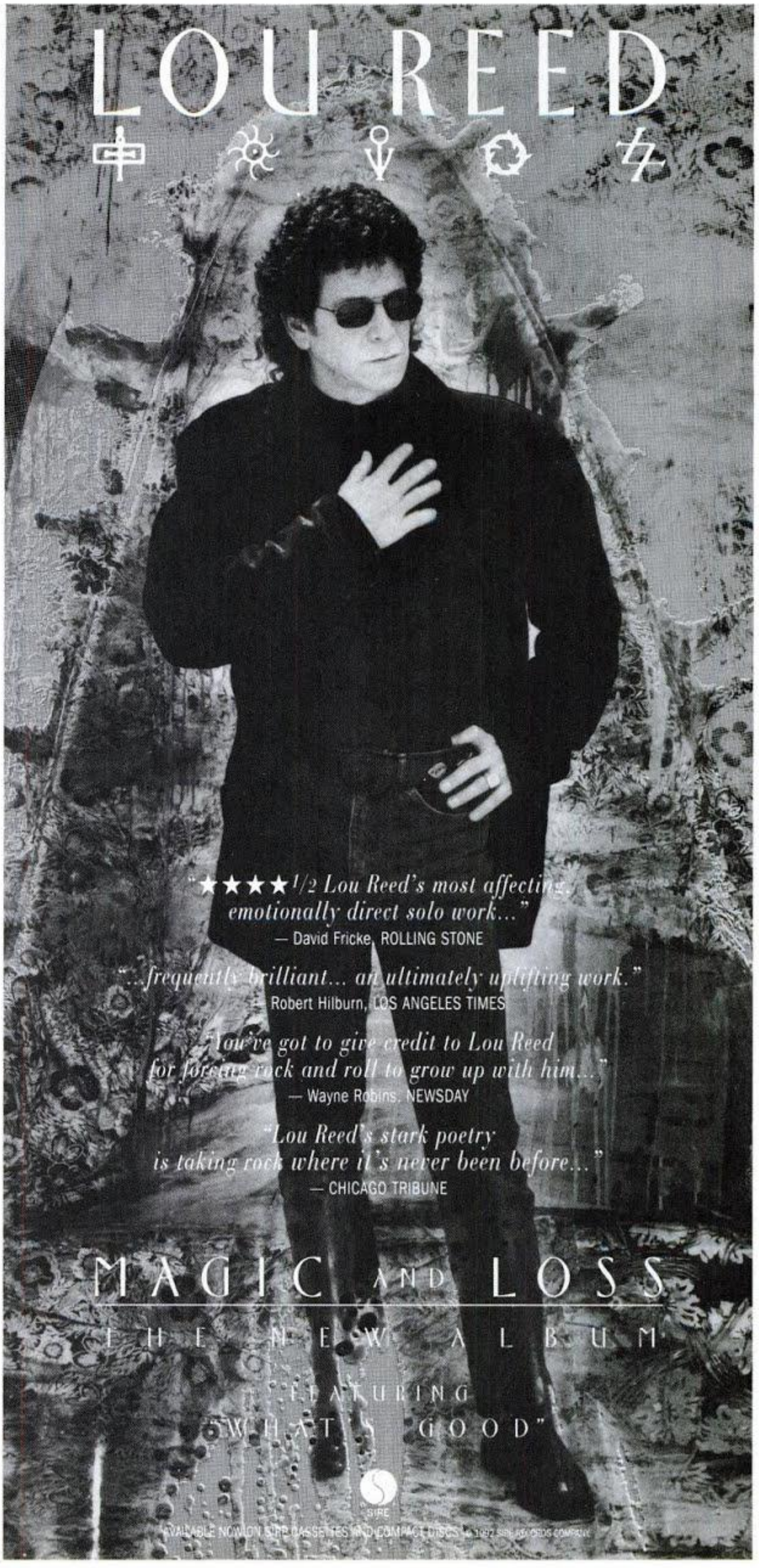


Andrew Savulich, whose "It's a Wonderful Town!" photographs appear each month in Naked City, has been taking this kind of picture around New York for 14 years. Surprisingly, the inevitable comparisons to Weegee do not please him. And although he professionally hangs out in Times Square, he's not on speaking terms with many of his cohabitants: "It's usually best to remain anonymous."

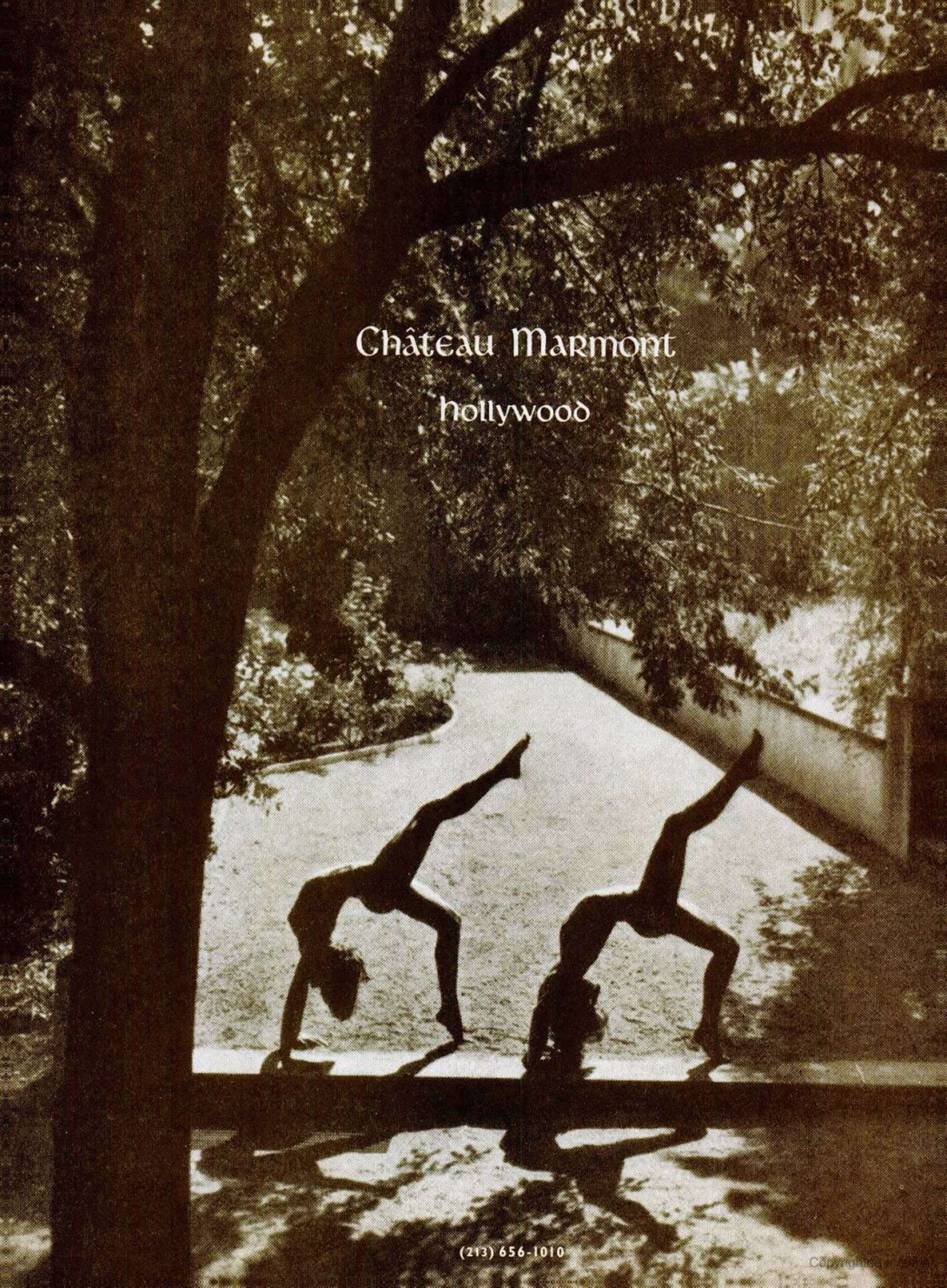


Gregg Stebben, who contributes the regular Naked City feature "Meet the Nobelists!," is, he says, an inventor and an itinerant storyteller as well as a journalist. Of his Nobel Prize–winning phone pals (17 so far), Stebben observes, "Most are pretty darn vivacious."

Illustrations by Barry Blitt



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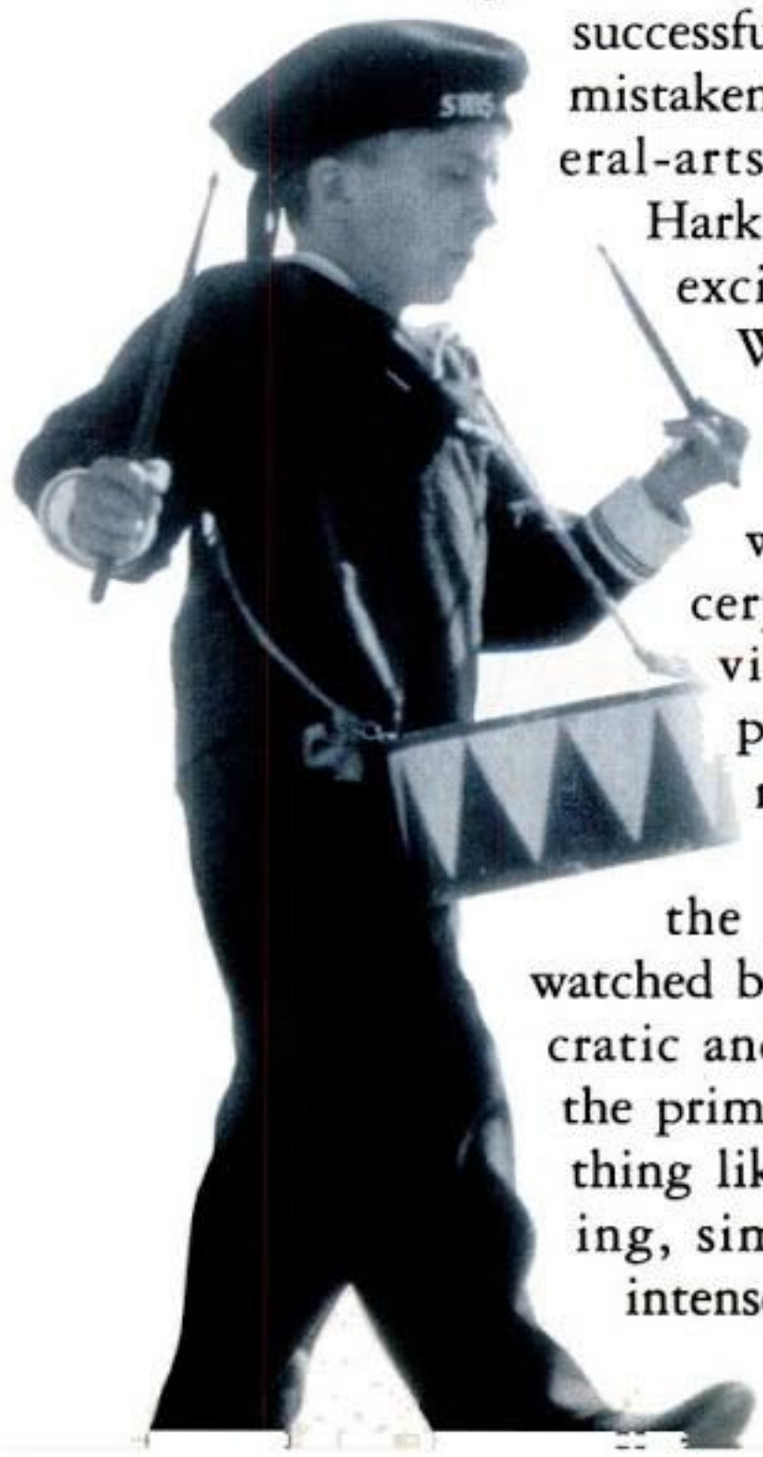

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March to the beat

MARCH TO THE BEAT OF A DIFFERENT DRUMMER? NAHHH—WE PREFER EASY consensus, the happy cliché, especially now with spring...isn't *just around the corner* the obligatory phrase? *March*, as we've said, is an anagram of *Charm*: crocuses blooming, Easter and the Oscars and Ivana Trump's novel imminent. On the other hand, life is not all dyed eggs and Smith & Hawken catalogs: The recession is entering its third year (is this what London felt like in 1947?), and by the end of March the presidential-primary process will be all but over, the whole business having been resolved by several million residents of the old Confederacy and New Hampshire. Which dull, nice-looking young heartland Democrat will run against George Bush in the fall? The one who comes across like a very successful Mazda dealer? Or the one who might be mistaken for the president of a good Minnesota liberal-arts college? Clinton or Kerrey, Tsongas or Harkin. Gee. You can really feel the tidal wave of excitement building, can't you? Theodore White was lucky to die when he did; otherwise, he would now feel obliged to write *The Making of the President 1992*, *Time* would feel obliged to run a 12,000-word excerpt, we would feel obliged to read the reviews, and another bit of forest would be pulped simply to indulge our guilty, wishful nostalgia for a time when politics seemed to matter. Presidential elections used to be like the Super Bowl; now the real Super Bowl is watched by three times as many people as the Democratic and Republican conventions combined, and the primaries and debates have devolved into something like a curling championship—ridiculous-looking, simultaneously manic and interminable, of intense interest mainly to Canadians and the Cana-



"I am very happy to have beaten Meshulam Riklis and his highly untalented wife, Pia Zadora, whose primary asset in life is her husband."
—Donald Trump, in a faxed note to the Associated Press, after winning a landlord-tenant case against Riklis

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dian at heart. This winter, we found ourselves feeling grateful for Pat Buchanan and David Duke: At least they are relentlessly vivid, and without once resorting to public vomiting displays.

"The average voter," said potential president Bill Clinton, "thinks we're all a bunch of slugs." Clinton is right, of course, but it isn't just presidential candidates whom the average voter considers sluglike—it's pretty much *any* extremely white American guy. A national survey in 1964 asked respondents to rate the "social standing" of dozens of American ethnic and religious groups. When the same survey was repeated recently, the only people whose standings had significantly declined were "native white Americans" and Protestants. Those whose reputations improved the most were Japanese, blacks, Chinese and—you want a scientific measure of Arnold Schwarzenegger's popularity and influence?—Austrians.

The standing of the native white American Protestant currently running America is plummeting especially fast. Campaigning in New Hampshire several days after his internationally televised vomiting exhibition (by the way, *George Bush vomited* is an anagram of *Hide gruesome gob, TV*), the president was inviting citizens to taunt him with embarrassing questions: "Anybody got a real controversial one? I want some guy that really wants to be tough, some tough guy."

Maybe this is what John Sununu meant when he said that Bush (and Quayle) has "a good, perverse sense of humor—an almost irreverent humor." Not just humor but *irreverent* humor—our very favoritest kind. *The Washington Post* reported that once, when Dan was feeling a little blue about being the object of universal contempt and ridicule, he went to George, and the president bucked up his sad little buddy. "Well," the commander in chief said, "why don't you take the *Quayle* and insert the word *Bush* wherever it appears, and that's the crap I took for eight years. Wimp. Sycophant. Lapdog. Poop. Lightweight. Boob. Squirrel. Asshole. George Bush." Has anyone ever called Bush a *poop* or a *squirrel?* Maybe he was thinking of *nincompoop* and *weasel*. (Incidentally, *George Bush and Dan Quayle* is an anagram of *Dang, a bond: queer Yale hugs.*)

"How are you going to regulate stupidity?" the vice president dared to say recently when asked if banks should be required to lend money more easily. "How are you going to regulate mistakes? How are you going to regulate bad judgment?" How, how, how, indeed? Before easygoing, idiotic Dan Quayle, there was Ronald Reagan and his best girlfriend, Margaret Thatcher. Now Thatcher has proposed that she and Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev supplement their retirement incomes by setting up an international consulting firm—a sort of Legion of Discredited Superheroes. If

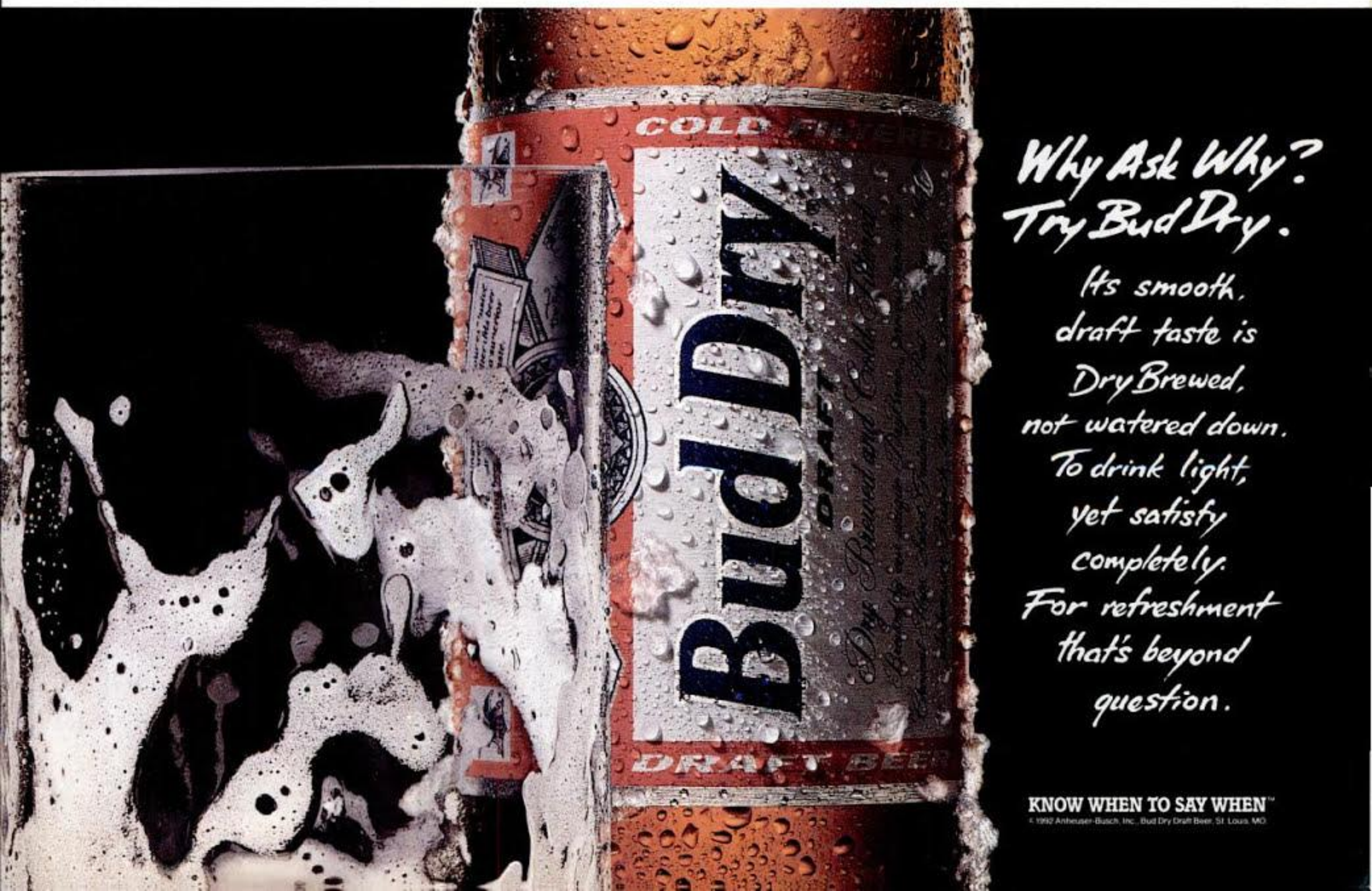


it works out, toy action figures would be the next logical step—we know a four-year-old who would just love a Ron 'n' Gorby Nuclear-Hardened Dream Lodge and Spa Playset—but alas, the sales of licensed products are suddenly, as George Bush would have it, in free-fall.

Not a bad tradeoff: Smurf toys and Jaclyn Smith pantsuits go away, LSD comes back. According to the newspapers, there is an LSD revival among people born in the late 1960s and early '70s. We may not be eager to frazzle our brains in that fashion again, but we're darn glad that the kids are. John Mulheren's particular form of brain frazzling is more contemporary—completely natural. Mulheren, the Ivan Boesky associate whose conviction was overturned, is working as a stock trader again, and he recently told *The Wall Street Journal* that a key to his success is his manic-depression. Even though his illness once made him set out to murder Boesky, Mulheren says, "I'd never give it up." His mania lets him operate "at 150 percent of capacity."

Joke or fact? These days, as we would say if we were moderating a symposium, who knows where news ends and entertainment begins? Recently, for instance, the keepers of the *New York Times* best-seller list decided that *Maus II*—the Holocaust tale in comic-book form, with Jewish mice and Nazi cats—ought to be classified as nonfiction. Which is fine by us—we've always maintained that *Bugs Bunny* and *Road Runner* cartoons are short documentaries on Manifest Destiny. Or take the homicidal bickering among the few dozen remaining members of the New York Mafia's Colombo family—entertainment or news? *Both*, according to Brooklyn district attorney Charles Hynes: "They've turned this into a class-B movie, for heaven's sake!"

"Most people are coming to New York," says Brett Botula, a motion-picture location manager, "to shoot either glamour or filth." Time Warner chairman Steve Ross and his wife, one of the city's most glamorous couples—that is, they are very rich and permanently tan—have bought a castle in Italy. "What my husband and I found so *charming* about it," says interior decorator turned Warner Bros. documentary-film producer Courtney Sale Ross, "is that *it's so poor*." Is that nineties-speak? Or eighties residue? All we know is that we're seeing definite signs of anti-nineties backlash, an emerging realization that *kind* and *gentle* are euphemisms for *numb* and *enervated*. "I'm so sick of 'what's right for the nineties,'" says the publishing director of *Architectural Digest* and *Bon Appétit*, "I could throw up." Symbolic upchucking: It's new, it's global, it's a trend, from publishing directors to presidents. (By the way, *The vision thing?* It's an anagram of *Shit! I've nothing!*)



Letters to SPY

From the SPY Mailroom



With the recent divestiture of seasonal froufrou from the mailroom (the caramelized drippings of eggnog were scraped off the postal meter with warm water and a kitchen knife; great pains were taken to melt the chain of Mylar reindeer), we can at last devote ourselves to matters less temporal, less merchandise-based. Indeed, we have been thinking about the highly elaborate series of misunderstandings and feints that constitutes the relationship between men and women. It all started when Gabriel Bereny sent us an item from *The Boston Globe* in which *Globe* readers were asked to judge three hypothetical scenarios as being either "sexual harassment," "otherwise wrongful conduct" or "acceptable behavior." The scenario we thought came closest to harassment: A female boss repeatedly attributes a male worker's job-site successes to his youth and good looks; when he mentions his vacation plans to her and another manager, she winks at him and says in a provocative tone, "Well, weren't you planning to consult me first about where we're going?" One *Globe* reader, however, felt that the boss's actions were "highly" acceptable. That *Globe* reader had the same name as erstwhile SPY-mailroom fixture Jason de Menil. "Wouldn't we all wish our boss was a provocative, sexy woman?" wrote De Menil. Well, actually—*no*. We find that sexual tension in the workplace causes us to redden with embarrassment and miscalculate postage rates. By day we prefer to attend to our duties in a manner that brooks little or no distraction or innuendo. (At night, of course, we consort with hookers and offer Jovan samplers to nine-year-olds.)

Sara Cormeny of Waltham, ▸

À la recherche du temps...

I'm only 18, but besides living through most of the 1970s and all of the '80s, thanks to retro-madness ["Time-Warped," by James Collins, November 1991] I've also lived through the '50s, '60s and the two years of the '70s I missed. I dread the day (likely only a year or two away) that parachute pants and Hefty-bag-as-dress come back into style.

Charlie Cates
Memphis, Tennessee

Collins left out one trend that has run rampant for the last ten years—Victoriana is as popular now as it was 100 years ago, and for the same reasons. The growing disparity between the classes, the increased corruption among top officials: Let's all read *Victoria* magazine and jump out of this century. Let's get lost in the filigree, ruffles and embellishments and wait for this whole thing to blow over. It's far easier than dealing with problems that take time, ingenuity and guts to remedy.

Lorraine LaFemina
Hicksville, New York

Just weeks after your nostalgia feature appeared, *The Washington Post* reported on Prince Sihanouk's selecting a white 1963 (the year of our tragic blunder in consenting to the murder of Ngo Dinh Diem in neighboring South Vietnam) Chevrolet Impala convertible for his motorcade upon his return to Phnom Penh! Bet you had no idea that your influence could spread so rapidly and so far.

Robert Fairchild
Washington, D.C.

James Collins replies, "Hey! I had a white '63 Impala in college! What a cool car! I remember once cruising down to the city listening to the Pretenders—" For a complete transcript of this reminiscence, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Mr. Collins at our new Phnom Penh bureau.

...Perdue

SPY exists to debunk fad-of-the-month political movements, so one can understand Tony Hendra's use of Swiftian satire against fuzzy-thinking animal-rights activists ["The Joy of—*Screech! Thud*—Cooking: SPY's Holiday Guide to Politically Correct Meat-Eating, the Roadkill Way," November]. Sadly, though, he states that "every species...survives by eating other species"; he should purchase a dictionary containing words such as *herbivore* and *ruminant*. Further, vegetarians don't say animals are capable of "human" emotions—the point is that animals can feel pain.

Laurence T. Sherman
Bronx, New York

What began as clever satire degenerated quickly into utterly uninformed blather with Hendra's suggestion that "one's passion might be better directed to the 6 million American children who go to bed hungry than to the dying thoughts of Frank Perdue's chickens." The world's meat habit is precisely why people are still starving at all. If used for human rather than bovine consumption, the grain and water necessary to produce one steak would feed 16 people. If Americans alone reduced their meat consumption by just 10 percent, there would be enough vegetable foods, redirected from animal feed to starving people, to feed everyone.

Janet Heaney
Los Angeles, California

Here we are, offering a way to eat meat without *causing animals any unnecessary pain—roadkill having been pre-extinguished by fate—and look at the thanks we get. More amazing, it is ex-*

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Massachusetts, wrote in response to the apparent controversy surrounding the age of *Sassy* magazine's Sassiest Boy in America, Ian Svenonius, as mentioned in our November issue ("Time-Warped," by James Collins). For those of you whose fingers are not on the *Sassy* pulse, let us recap: In the April '90 issue of that magazine, the practically-all-female staff announced it was conducting a "nationwide search for the most perfect boyfriend material a girl could ask for." What distinguishes perfect boyfriend material? "Well, first and foremost," the magazine explained, "he must be a total babe." Six months later the malnourished, mousse-drenched art-school student and Nation of Ulysses band member Ian Svenonius was announced as the winner; during a visit to the *Sassy* offices as part of his all-expenses-paid trip to New York, Svenonius drew a picture of dice on editor in chief Jane Pratt's neck. Although he claimed to be 20 at the time he won the contest, Svenonius "tried to deflect attention from himself by saying that, like Nelson Mandela, he is merely a vessel for the policies of the Nation of Ulysses," according to *Sassy*. But Sara Cormeny has the inside track: She went to junior high school with Svenonius's brother. She reckons that the Sassiest Boy in America is more man than boy: "He is at least 22, and very probably 24 or 25." (She neglects to weigh in, however, on the subject of his total-babeness.)

And while we're exploding this whole man-woman-war-between-the-sexes-thing, allow us to tell you that Bonnie Miller of Chicago, having enjoyed Harry Shearer's "America Le Beautiful" in our October issue, has mailed us a product called Le Funelle. It is a foldable paper funnel that allows women to urinate while standing. Written on the product's wrapper is "When you are on the town/Out of town/Cannot sit down..."—a slogan that deftly captures the squalor of a thousand women's rooms in a thousand ▸

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actly one paragraph in Hendra's introduction to his recipes that has enraged our mammalmaniacal readers. Despite their hysteria, however, we will address their concerns: (1) Meat eating is not *"precisely why people are starving." The world has plenty of food—so much that we pay our farmers not to grow it; people starve because of selfishness, and political and logistical problems that prevent the food from getting to those who need it. (2) For crying out loud,* herbivore *and* ruminant *refer to creatures that subsist on plant* species*! (3) That animals suffer when they are slaughtered is undeniable, but somehow that hasn't stopped wolves and hawks from killing innocent mammals. We are meat eaters by nature, too, and to say we should act differently from other carnivores because we are better than they seems highly speciesist indeed.*

Hendra's piece was a grin. However, it was not without distortions. The equation of people with animals does not stem from the Disneyfication of nature—it's the other way around, the naturalization of humanity. People and animals are ontologically equivalent not because animals have souls, but rather because people don't.

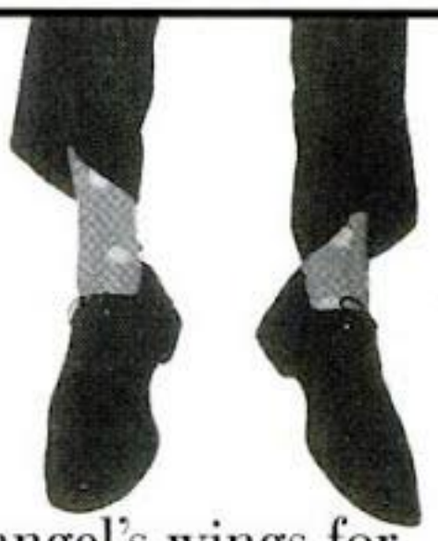
L. H. Garascia
Glenview, Illinois

My compliments on your artful and instructive article on gourmet roadkill cookery. However, I was disappointed by the absence of any barbecue recipes. Surely premium roadkill deserves to go straight from the grille to the grill, and to be eaten alfresco. Butterflied fawn haunch, for example, or mesquite-grilled skunk chops?

Ashton Applewhite
New York

I recently attempted your recipe for Carré de Raccoon aux Deux Poivres and found some areas for improvement. The recipe for black-pepper sauce should be made by substituting squid ink for soy sauce to give a truer color. The white sauce may be altered by replacing the crème fraîche and egg yolk with milk and a cornstarch paste for thickening. This will also have a truer color than the original version, and removing the

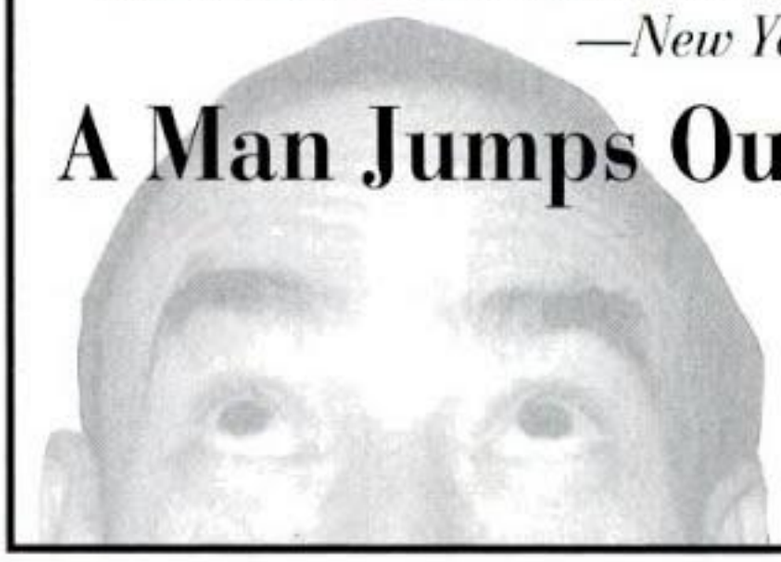
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toll plazas. The wrapper also suggests that the device is "A Woman's First Option"; there is no mention made of a second option, but we assume it involves a bungee cord and the handicapped rail.

And finally, Susan Kaufmann of Union, New Jersey, is responding to David Shukan's wedding invitation the way she received it—through this column (see this space, October). David, your pal Susan is concerned about precisely *when* in May you're getting married. "I'll be in New Orleans from May 1 to 3, and I'm in the bridal party of another wedding in New Jersey on May 16," she writes to us. "Can you find out exactly when (and where) the Shukan-Novak nuptials are to take place?" Dave, please see that Susan's name is put on the proper lists. Arriving at a formal party in another city only to discover that neither the hosts nor the caterers were expecting you to attend (a "When you are on the town/Out of town/Cannot sit down"–type experience if ever there was one)—well, you know how embarrassing *that* can be.

CORRECTION

In November's "Time-Warped," we attributed a photograph of Errol Flynn to the wrong film. The photo we used was from the film *San Antonio*, not *The Adventures of Robin Hood.*

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Paul F. Stegman
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Other Voices, Other Letters

Congratulations on your August 1991 column on Robert Maxwell and his companies' pension funds. John Connolly was the only reporter to identify the problem. Who would have known this would turn out to be the greatest financial fraud in the history of Great Britain?

Richard S. Newcombe
President, Creators Syndicate
Los Angeles, California

On behalf of my colleagues I extend a respectful salute to John Connolly and express appreciation for his having shared his findings regarding James Sullivan with us ["The Prime Suspect," November]. Connolly has demonstrated excellence in the attainment of his product and in its presentation as well.

William L. Hinshaw II
Special Agent in Charge
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Atlanta, Georgia

On January 10, Agent Hinshaw joined the U.S. Attorney's Office and the Atlanta Police Department in announcing that Sullivan had been indicted by a grand jury for his involvement in the murder of his estranged wife, Lita. The indictment charges that Sullivan, as reported in SPY, *made and received phone calls from Palm Beach to Georgia "with the intent that the murder of {Lita} Sullivan be committed as consideration for an agreement and promise to pay a thing of pecuniary value" and "caused others to carry and use a firearm in the commission of the other offenses charged"—in other words, he paid someone to shoot his wife and was called to confirm that the hit was a done deal. If convicted, Sullivan faces possible life imprisonment and a fine of up to $1.25 million.*

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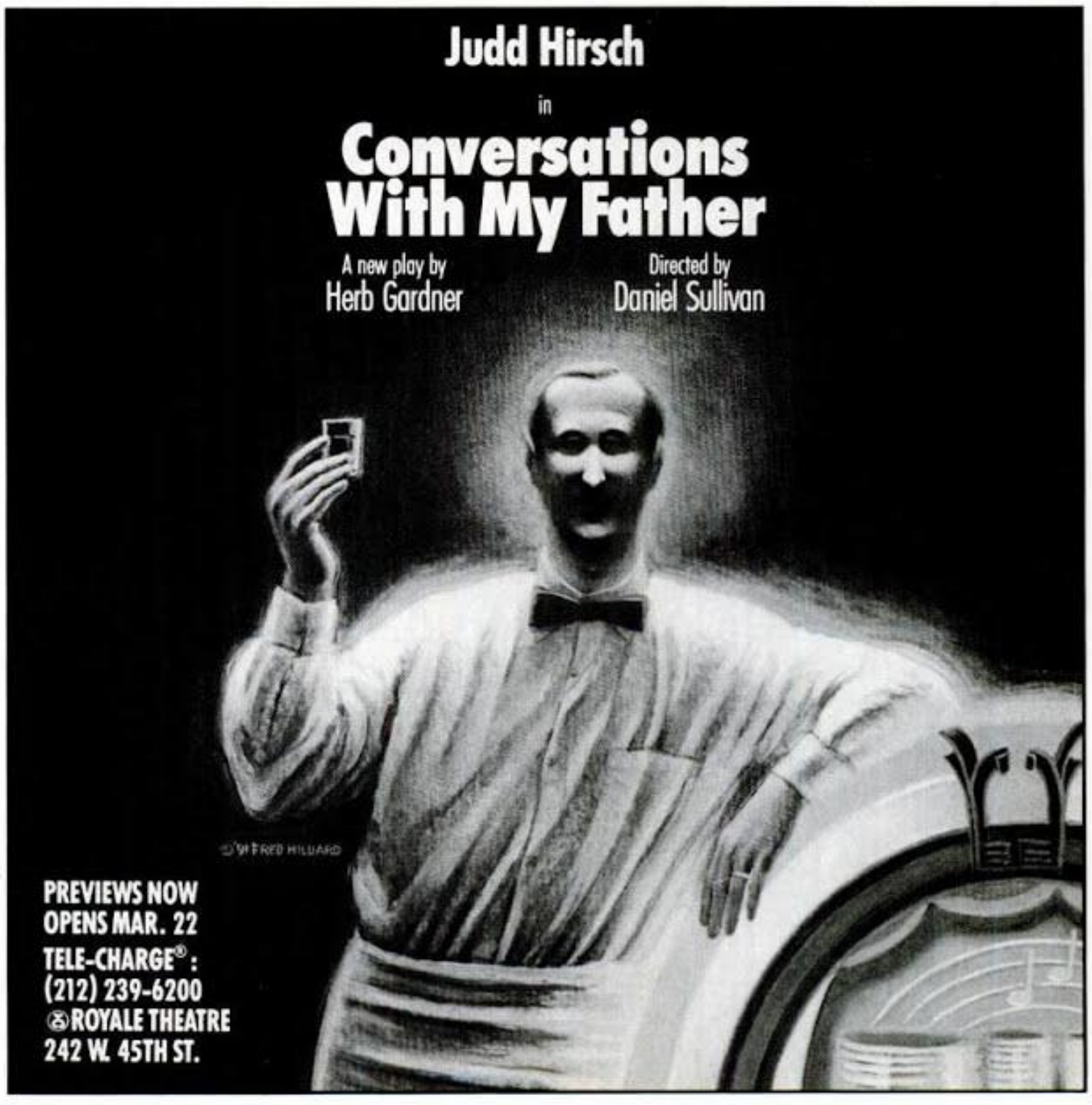
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Brother, Can You Spare $500,000?

So, you didn't get a raise last year. Well, don't feel bad—neither did NBC's Bryant Gumbel, ABC's Sam Donaldson or most anybody at CBS. Call it common sense, supply and demand, or the revenge of the controllers, but a number of network news correspondents, both stars and yeopersons, received a surprise when their contracts—written in the go-go eighties—came up for renewal over the past few months.

Today's Bryant Gumbel, one high-ranking source at NBC News told SPY as he held his thumb and forefinger half an inch apart, was "this close" to leaving the network. Gumbel, who makes $2 million a year, wanted a significant raise and another three-year contract. GE's puppets proposed a pay cut and a one-year deal. Network executives held more-wishful-than-realistic discussions about having Gumbel's co-anchor, the engaging Katie Couric, host the show without him. During tense negotiations, there were even threats of Gumbel's going to *CBS This Morning*. What Gumbel settled for was no raise and a nominal three-year contract—NBC has an option to dump him after a year, despite its lip service to a longer commitment. A fringe benefit that may have helped NBC keep Gumbel is his replacement for Bunny (see this column, April 1991): a young woman who works in infotainment at the network.

At ABC, Chris Wallace has yet to have his $900,000-a-year contract renewed; a pay cut seems imminent for the *PrimeTime Live* correspondent. *PrimeTime Live*'s co-anchor Sam Donaldson—tiresomely predictable but still one of the hardest-working men at his rank in TV news—had his salary held in check at slightly more than $1 million. In addition to performing his *PrimeTime Live* duties, Donaldson appears every Sunday on *This Week With David Brinkley* and sometimes anchors the evening news on weekends, but he receives $300,000 less per year than *PrimeTime Live*'s other host, canny power-flirt Diane Sawyer. What makes this inequality even more galling is that Donaldson is a fun guy who has been known to kiss Sawyer's face on a monitor in front of his Washington staff.

There is some justice, however—ABC may now give Donaldson his own show. Two scenarios are in the works: In the first, ABC would launch a Sunday-morning program hosted by Donaldson. An okay idea, except that Donaldson's Uzi-esque manner probably wouldn't exactly complement blueberry pancakes. The other networks know what kind of mood suits this time slot, so CBS airs *Sunday Morning*, with the avuncular-going-on-grandfatherly Charles Kuralt, while NBC has its intelligent parson, Garrick Utley, host *Sunday Today*. In the second, and more likely, scenario, Donaldson would host his own prime-time show featuring longish segments on breaking stories followed by live interviews with newsmakers—in other words, something like the original, overpromoted notion for *PrimeTime Live*. Donaldson would like to host the show that ABC has said it is planning to send up against *60 Minutes*, but the network thinks he's too old to attract the younger viewers whom Mike Wallace and Morley Safer have left behind. One possibility is that Donaldson, the gruff veteran precinct captain, would star but be surrounded by energetic newcomers—his bunch of eager rookies.

For its part, CBS is saving money on Connie Chung, who took a 50 percent pay cut to $1 million last year when she reduced her workload while trying to procreate. She does sporadic *Face to Face* specials and substitutes on the *Evening News* occasionally, but no new show is planned for her, and no one is clamoring to bring her back full-time. She has not procreated. CBS News correspondents Bob Schieffer and Bruce Morton will also be taking home less in 1992, and substitute anchorman Bill Plante had his $475,000-a-year salary slashed to a Chicago-anchor-level $250,000, prompting one not-quite-sympathetic producer at CBS to say, "Is that any way to treat a man who's had cosmetic surgery?"

In fact, all the employees at CBS News have been unlucky. The division's vice president for business affairs has sent everyone a semiliterate memo that reads in part, "I have been told to advise you that the Christmas/Year End bonus that you received this year will be the last one that you will receive." No bonuses again *ever*? Larry Tisch must really be optimistic. —*Laureen Hobbs*



Bryant, Connie and Sam

NBC held serious discussions about having Gumbel's co-anchor host *Today* without him

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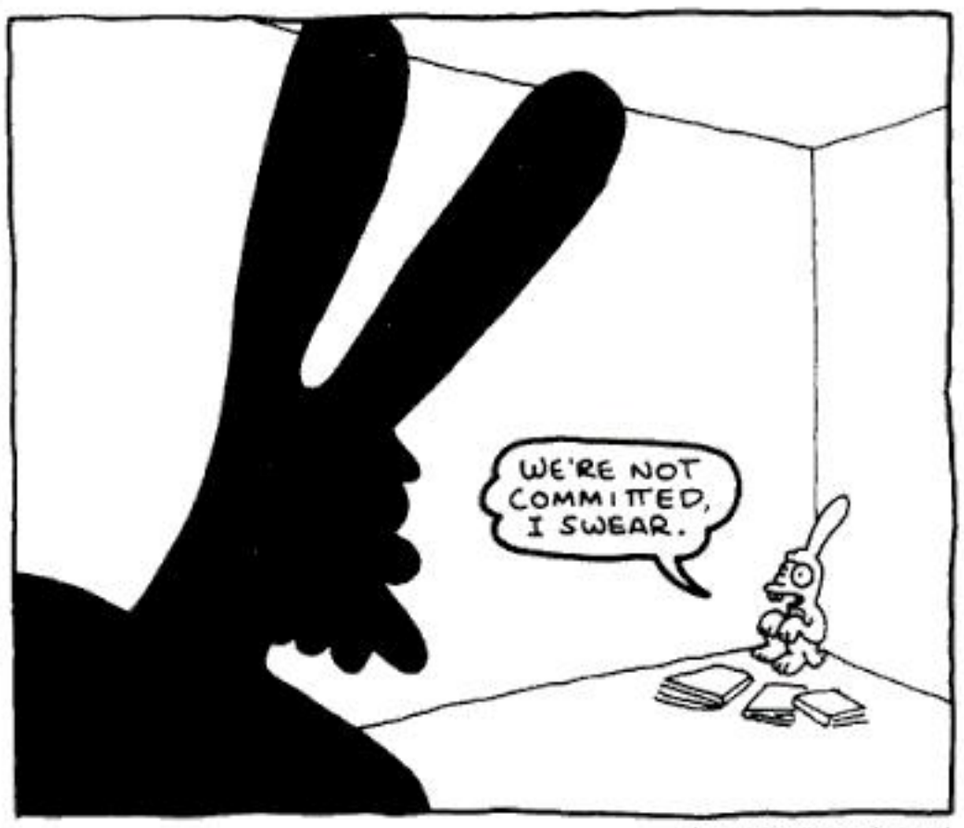
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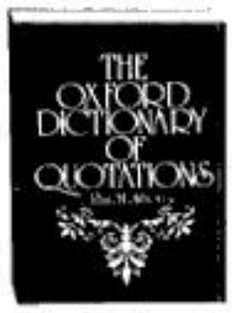
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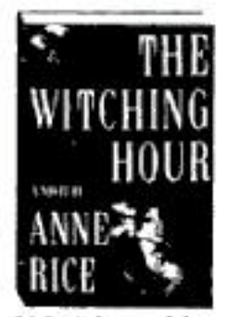
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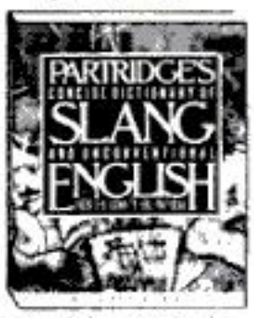
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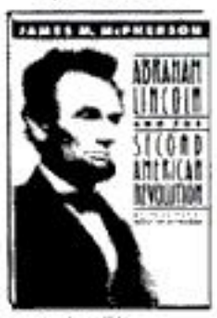
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Sex, Drugs and...Bean Counting?

Once upon a time, the guys who produced and marketed records could be counted on to appreciate—if not out-and-out *dig*—the music they were selling. One thinks of Bob Krasnow, Ahmet Ertegun, Chris Blackwell, Jerry Moss, David Geffen, Jerry Wexler and Tommy Silverman. One by one, however, these sharpies have cashed out their assets, and they now work for global behemoths such as Time Warner, Philips N.V., Thorn-EMI and Matsushita. And since pop music is not necessarily the core business of these far-flung conglomerates, the record companies often wind up being managed by guys who used to sell light bulbs or make refrigerators.

That shouldn't be a problem, at least on the financial side—any chief financial officer worth his ledgers should be able to master the particulars of a new business. The paradox of the music industry is that the glamour of the business almost always masters the new execs. Before his much-publicized murder in 1989 gave him a separate notoriety, Jose Menendez provided a good example of the industry's seductive powers: Formerly an accountant for Hertz, he was put in charge of finances for RCA Records. Before long he was personally planning the U.S. career of Menudo and hobnobbing with such RCA acts as Annie Lennox. Neither Menudo nor Menendez stayed at RCA very long.

This isn't the kind of career jag one expects from levelheaded bean counters. Granted, the entertainment industry enjoys a special cachet, but won't the Beverly Hills Hotel rent you a room if you run Endicott Johnson Shoes instead of EMI Records? Aren't there *any* good-looking women in the appliance business? Just *what is it* about the record industry that turns conservative number crunchers who wouldn't know PiL from Beverly Sills into swaggering would-be moguls?

The latest seduction scenario seems to be unfolding at Time Warner, where the music group includes the Warner Bros., Elektra and Atlantic labels. If ever there was a guy from corporate headquarters who appeared to have the willpower and smarts to focus on the part of the business that he knew, it was Time Warner's record-division point man, Robert Morgado. Whether Morgado is just jockeying for future position or hearing that old siren song of the business—*Backstage passes! Cool clothes! Highly decorative women!*—is hard to say, but several recent moves suggest he is itching to get his finger on the creative trigger.

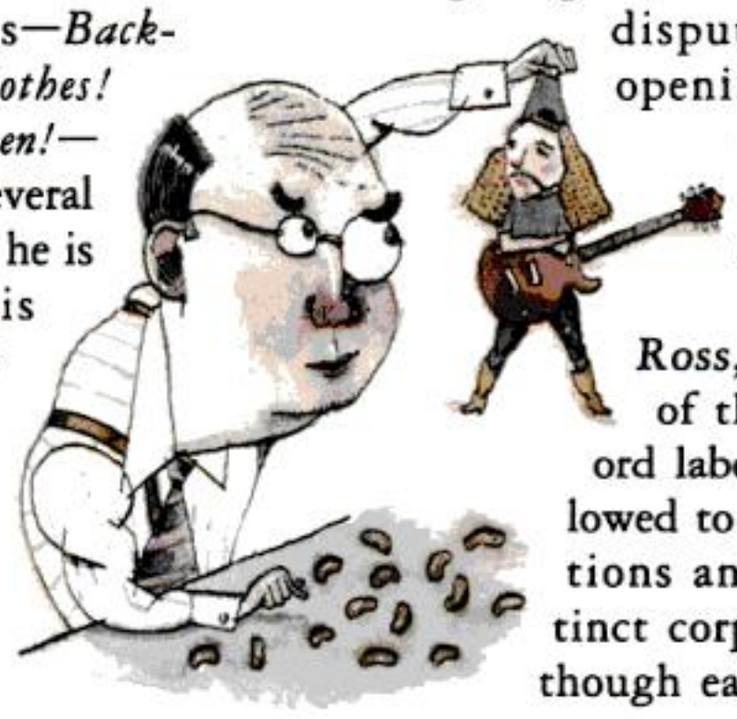
Insiders say Morgado was hired in 1982 by Warner Communications chief Steve Ross through his pal Hugh Carey, then New York's governor, whom Morgado had served as chief of staff.

By all accounts, the Hawaiian-born Morgado was a first-rate administrator, and though not as belligerent as, say, John Sununu, he accepted his responsibilities as Carey's hatchet man. The vim with which he performed these tasks earned him the inevitable enmity: The New York *Daily News* called him "the shadow governor," while *New York* came up with the sobriquet "Carey's Haldeman." He angered enough people—including Ed Koch—to all but guarantee that when Carey's public career ended, Morgado's would, too. Enter Ross, who had been one of Carey's big contributors, and who always recognized the value of talented, tough underbosses.

At first Morgado was part of the Office of the President, a Ross brain trust that served as a holding pen for successful executives, working on projects at Atari and Warner cable. Insiders say Warner Bros. Records chairman Mo Ostin objected when Morgado asked for the title of music-group chairman, but in 1990, Morgado got the tag anyway. That dispute was just an opening battle in an ongoing turf war between Ostin and Morgado.

Under Steve Ross, the presidents of the separate record labels have been allowed to run their operations and develop distinct corporate styles, as though each ran an independent business. It is probably this system that wore down CBS Records and made Warners the leading American record company. Even though it had Columbia and Epic, CBS—now Sony—was still a single company fighting three separate Warners operations.

But one does what one can, and Morgado is not by nature suited to pulling the strings of a sophisticated system that exploits entrepre-



That meddlesome bean counter

What is it about the record industry that turns number crunchers into swaggering would-be moguls?

Illustration by Barry Blitt

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neurial pride and internal competition. Morgado is, in the end, a bean counter, and he seems interested in penny-pinching. He recently ordered the heads of the Warner labels to cut down on music-video costs. In the past, such budgetary decisions were left to the label chiefs.

On the other hand, there is some evidence that Morgado has begun to...go native. After allowing that he didn't know anything about music, he told *The Wall Street Journal* that he had signed off on the successful deal that brought Natalie Cole to Elektra. Eyebrows arched: No Warner execs had ever tried to grab a piece of the glory that way before. Of course, if one is aiming to head the vital music division of Time Warner, it wouldn't hurt to have it noticed that one's musical taste is not out of step with America's.

Ostin doesn't speak to the press, and his spokesman says there is "no friction," but a close associate says he is angry and frustrated. Having turned Warners into the most successful record company of the last 20 years, he now has Morgado second-guessing him. Most notably, Morgado interposed himself between Ostin and his subordinate Seymour Stein, the then-disgruntled head of Sire Records. Stein, who brought Warners such stars as Madonna and Talking Heads but hasn't done much lately, wanted to renegotiate his contract; Ostin, a generous boss but one who will make you live with whatever deal you sign, held fast. But then Stein's attorney, the omnipresent Allen Grubman, drew Morgado into the negotiations—with the implicit threat that Stein would go to arch-rival Sony, where Grubman's close friend Tommy Mottola is in charge. Stein got his sweetened deal.

Does the cost-conscious Morgado now think he got snookered? Could be: In a recent *New York Times* profile of Mottola, Morgado slammed him and Grubman for their close relationship, calling it a conflict of interest—which, of course, it is. But as one leading music-industry attorney has observed, *look who's talking!* After all, Grubman has managed to be on various sides of the table on Morgado's behalf as well. A highly placed source says both Sony *and* Warners paid Grubman when he helped Morgado negotiate a deal to buy half of Sony's Columbia House record club. And along with representing Stein, Grubman's firm also handles Stein's biggest artist, Madonna, who has been seeking her own new deal from a Time Warner team that includes Morgado.

At 64, Ostin won't be running the show forever. Steve Ross's cancer raises the possibility that Nick Nicholas, a career publishing bureaucrat who makes Bob Morgado look like Bill Graham, will select the new head of the record division. Maybe Nicholas will trust the outgoing head of Warners to pick his own replacement—after all, it should be pointed out in his behalf, Ostin did start out as a bookkeeper.

—Fred Goodman

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At CAA, the Magic Is Disappearing

Yes; CAA's six dozen agents still work hard on behalf of their six dozen serious-star clients. Yes, the hustle per square foot may still be greater at CAA than at any other agency. Yes, CAA is still regarded with more fear by the celebritocracy than any other entity except the IRS. But lately it has become clear that Mike the Manipulator's grasp is greater than his reach. Lately it has become possible to imagine a Hollywood in which Ovitz's shop is just one more talent agency hawking pretty actors, lucky writers and Barry Levinson. Yup: The terrifying golden age of CAA may be over.

Money is still gushing in, of course. The $40 million (5 billion yen) Mike pocketed from brokering Matsushita's purchase of MCA probably equaled half the previous year's revenues—and best of all, it didn't require a single conversation with a spoiled, high-strung movie star. But as for the rest of Ovitz's putatively visionary schemes, upon close inspection they look more like the slick talk of a New Age grifter than like grand new paradigms.

Last fall's deal with Coca-Cola provoked the requisite *oohs* and *aahs* in the press and serves Ovitz's current career goal—to rise above mere agentry—by certifying him as an omniscient marketing shaman. True to type, he has even started throwing around a kicky new word to describe his Coke-peddling genius: *macrovision*, he calls it. But at least one CAA higher-up has groused that the Coke lash-up is requiring an awful lot of work (a CAA team flies to Atlanta every month to supply macrovision in person) for not all that much money. Nor is CAA getting its fingers in all the big-picture power-brokering: During recent discussions Coke was having about an unorthodox advertising buy they had been offered, an Ovitz flunky called Coke's prospective partner relentlessly, trying to get closer to the action. Management, unimpressed, was not returning the CAA man's calls.

You'd think Coke would flinch at the idea of giving millions of dollars to an L.A. agent-cum-mogul: Five years ago, when Coke owned Columbia Pictures and Fay Vincent (yes, *that* Fay Vincent) ran its entertainment division, the company invested $14 million in Jerry Weintraub's new studio—which, of course, promptly went bust. And doesn't Coke remember the QSound debacle? Ovitz personally brokered the sale to Coca-Cola of exclusive worldwide TV-advertising rights to QSound, an impractical 3-D sound system developed by a huckster company called Archer Communications with which he has been deeply involved (see this column, March 1990). After one unimpressive use of the gimmick during the Super Bowl two years ago, Coke let those exclusive worldwide rights languish. Archer—whose total revenues over the last five years are less than CAA gets for Goldie Hawn for one movie—is the subject of an SEC investigation.



Ronnie

Ovitz's visionary schemes look like the slick talk of a New Age grifter

Much has been made by rivalrous ad executives and agents about the inherently dicey nature of CAA's Coke arrangement (for instance, Ovitz's client Magic Johnson pitches Pepsi and co-owns a Pepsi bottling franchise), but who needs to *speculate* about possible *future* conflicts of interest? Just as the Coke deal was being signed, Ovitz and one of his partners, Bill Haber, were also signing a consent judgment—effectively pleading no contest—to settle a federal lawsuit charging them with serious conflicts of interest. The two had invested $1.249 million of CAA employee-pension-plan money in a real estate partnership—one they happen to run. The punishment for breaching their fiduciary duty? The CAA pension plans buy out their personal interests in the real estate for $546,452—every dime they invested, plus interest. And they don't have to pay back the $1.249-million they siphoned off. Maybe Ovitz's pal Mike Milken should have hired CAA's lawyers to negotiate *his* plea bargain.

While Ovitz's attempts at small-time wheeler-dealering are blowing up in his face (and we'll leave aside the agency's highly problematic involvement in the Mercantile Bankcorp of California), the flesh-peddling business is solid. But stars may be coming to realize that the agency's career advice is not great (Ovitz's number two, Ronnie Meyer, insisted that Goldie *not* do *Thelma & Louise*). Crucial-client defections are still probably a couple

Illustration by Robert Risko

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of years away, but what good is being the most powerful man in Hollywood if you wind up renegotiating amazingly lucrative movie deals *downward*—as CAA secretly did last summer with Tri-Star on *Hook*? What's the point of getting an enormous paycheck for another famous client if the client, when he hears about Ovitz's Archer Communications mess, says he's *glad*?

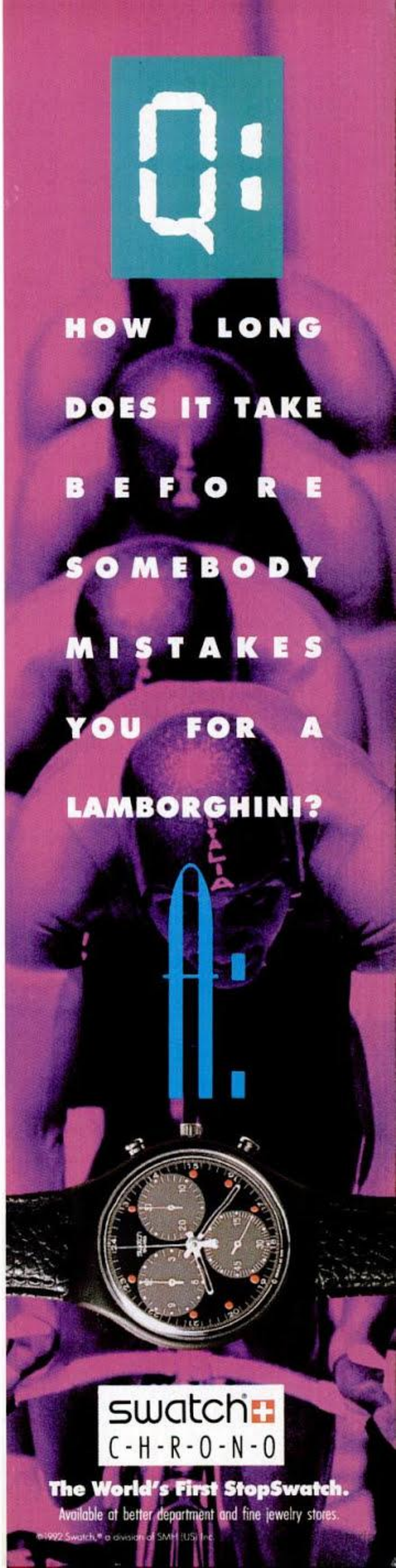
No wonder Mike's tired of being an agent. The problem is, is Ronnie Meyer the sort of guy you want to take over for you? The two men share a background (both of their fathers were southern California Willy Lomans) and an obsession with power. But tiny, perfectly formed Ronnie is also extremely concerned with being liked and getting laid—not necessarily virtues for running CAA. He helps handle the agency's middle-aged major stars—Barbra Streisand, Jane Fonda, Jessica Lange—and Madonna too. Yet the man who represents Hollywood's feminist pantheon is a pig. After Madonna stopped by once, an underling said, "I didn't recognize her. She was more...more—" "More hideous than you thought?," Meyer reportedly interjected.

Colleagues call him the Toy Boy behind his back, and he has been especially unabashed about ordering subordinates to perform "P&C" tasks—in Ronnie's case, personally and confidentially making dates with sub-CAA starlets who send in their glossies and even dumping girlfriends. Perhaps he should have had an employee handle his breakup with longtime girlfriend Cyndy Garvey: The underling, at least, wouldn't have beaten her up.

According to a complaint Garvey made three years ago to the L.A. County Sheriff's Department, she went to his Malibu house one night and accused him of cheating on her. Meyer, Garvey says, went nuts. "She said he struck her with his right hand on the left side of her head," according to the sheriff's report. "The victim said that the suspect then...slammed her numerous times into the car and the walls," then he grabbed her by the throat, "causing her to choke and gasp for air...and with his right [hand] struck the victim numerous times about the face and head." Her neck and one side of her face were bruised and swollen. It's possible that Fonda and the other politicized women he represents are unaware of that unattractive episode: Garvey never pressed charges, and SPY's Nexis search turned up no mention of the incident in the *Los Angeles Times* or any other publication.

But while he may still be Mr. Popular among the stars and moguls, Meyer has, according to sources, become the target of phone harassment by a cell of CAA employees—many of the callers seeking to discomfit him (and his live-in girlfriend) about his complicated love life. He evidently has several phone lines coming into his home, only one of which he picks up at any given time; the rest are channeled to an answering service. Since the calls began, it is said, he has been regularly changing the direct-to-Ronnie number, but his antagonists have managed to keep current. Puerile, certainly, but at CAA, any ripple of subversion is astonishing. For a place that has made a religion of teamwork and button-down sobriety, six months of crank calls is tantamount to fragging the platoon commander.

Part of the CAA magic has been its image of utter impenetrability. A few years ago Mike Ovitz was a mysterious figure who never talked to journalists. Now he lunches with editors, bugs reporters at home, even grants interviews to trade papers. And since 1990 he has had his own in-house flack, Stephen Rivers, who is a very polite, very professional mouthpiece. When one of my colleagues at SPY asked him about the crank calls to Meyer, he said, "Not true." Asked about any personal chores Meyer has had subordinates carry out, he said, "Not true." And finally, when the alleged remark about Madonna was described to him, he said, "Not true—these things are ridiculous on their face." See you Monday night at Mortons, Stephen. —*Celia Brady*



Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

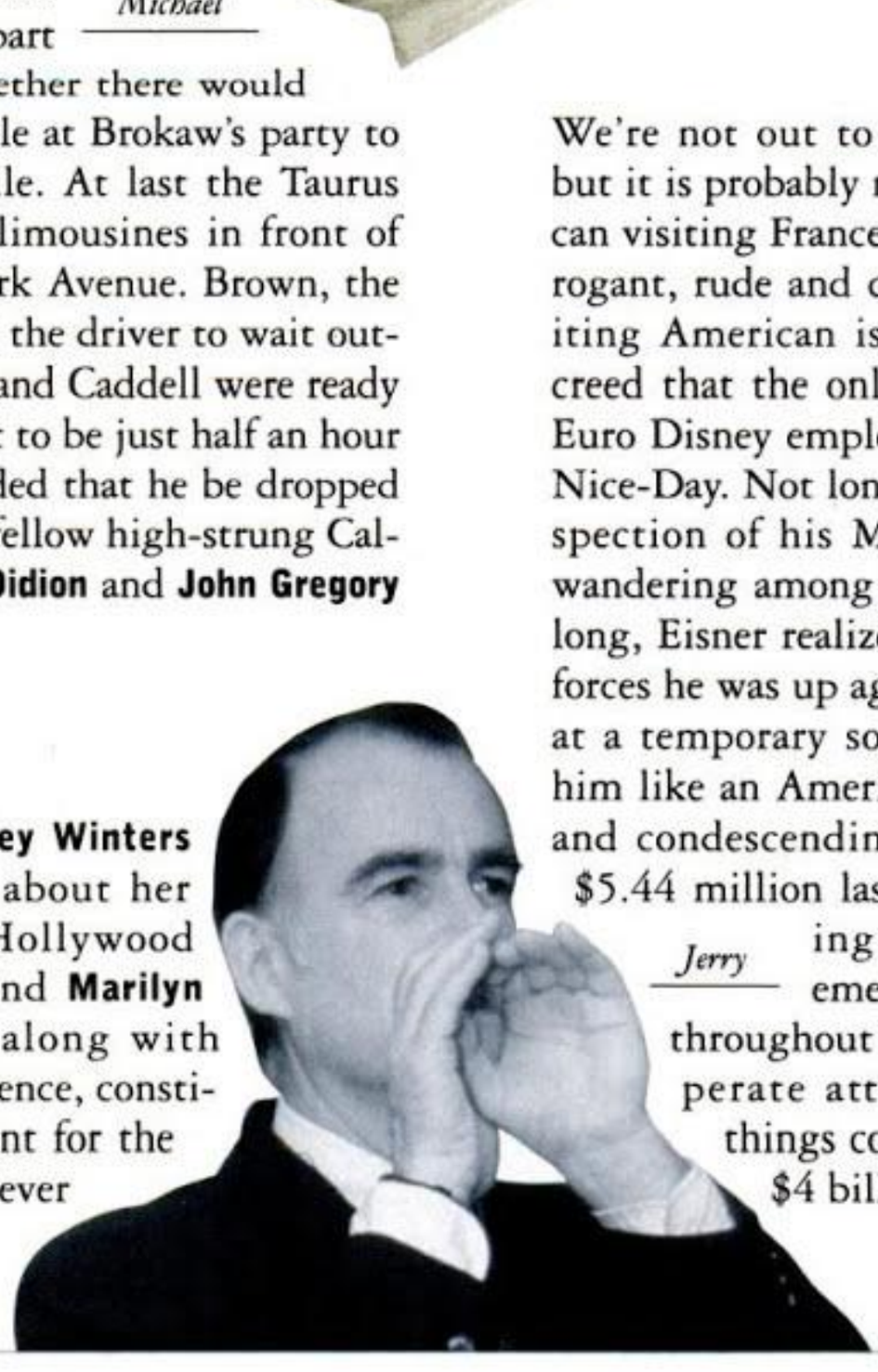
With the aid of his half-mad political strategist **Pat Caddell**, fringe presidential candidate **Jerry Brown** has taken pains to present himself as an antidote to Washington's waste and clubbiness. Also, Caddell is a deadbeat, and Brown's campaign has very little money. For a fundraising trip to New York, Brown and Caddell—behind their backs, the two are being called Thelma and Louise—insisted that they be picked up at the airport by a few unglamorous American-made sedans driven by regular people. When Brown and his retinue landed at La Guardia, a lone volunteer met them. So everyone piled into the grotty Ford Taurus and set out for a cocktail party at **Tom Brokaw**'s. On the way, Brown and his staff spent a good part of their time debating whether there would be enough important people at Brokaw's party to make attending worthwhile. At last the Taurus joined the small herd of limousines in front of Brokaw's apartment on Park Avenue. Brown, the man of the people, ordered the driver to wait outside the building until he and Caddell were ready to leave—which turned out to be just half an hour later, when Brown demanded that he be dropped off at the residence of two fellow high-strung Californian intellectuals, **Joan Didion** and **John Gregory Dunne**.



Michael

2

Former lalapalooza **Shelley Winters** never tires of bragging about her friendships with such Hollywood legends as **James Dean** and **Marilyn Monroe**, whose deaths, along with Winters's continuing existence, constitute a compelling argument for the virtues of dying young. Never was the downside of survivordom more starkly in evidence than when the Poseidon Adventuress recently visited the deli counter at Ralph's Supermarket near West Hollywood's Beverly Center. While waiting for a tub of designer salad, she charmed fellow shoppers by scratching her ribs and, in the process, lifting her blouse to reveal a jumbo roll of fat. A dutiful supermarket employee handed over a container to Winters, who glanced at the price sticker and roared, "Four dollars? Four dollars for a *salad*? *Forget* it! Where are your jelly rolls?" Her tirade complete, she proceeded to the refined-sugar-and-lard aisle.



Jerry

3

We're not out to perpetuate ugly stereotypes, but it is probably not unreasonable for an American visiting France to expect the natives to be arrogant, rude and condescending. Unless the visiting American is **Michael Eisner**, who has decreed that the only mood permitted among his Euro Disney employees shall be Sunbelt Have-a-Nice-Day. Not long ago Eisner made a covert inspection of his Magic Kingdom–in–progress, wandering among his subjects incognito. Before long, Eisner realized just what powerful cultural forces he was up against when a French attendant at a temporary souvenir stand actually treated him like an American tourist: arrogantly, rudely and condescendingly. Eisner (who earned just $5.44 million last year) went ballistic, launching into a tirade that included emergency phone calls to minions throughout the Disney empire, in a desperate attempt to find out just how things could have gone so wrong at his $4 billion *faux* America.

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Exclusive Beatnik Symposium: The Beats Dig *Naked Lunch*

Three Thumbs Up from Kesey, Orlovsky and Ginsberg



Outside a Manhattan screening of *Naked Lunch*, we caught up with three special moviegoers. Novelist Ken Kesey and Beat poets Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky—all of them pals of William Burroughs's for decades—offered their reactions to the Hollywood version of their friend's life.

ON THE MOVIE'S AUTHENTICITY

Allen Ginsberg: "It's interesting to look at in a way. I don't know whether it's gonna be commercially interesting."

Ken Kesey: "I'm still cogitating on it."

Peter Orlovsky: "I wouldn't have made it like that."

Kesey: "It's better than a lot of the stuff you see out there."

Ginsberg: "It doesn't have the coherence Burroughs has."

Kesey: "Poor Bill, having to have [the character based on] his wife up there like that."

ON PETER WELLER'S PORTRAYAL OF "BILL LEE," THE BURROUGHS CHARACTER

Ginsberg: "He didn't sound like Burroughs at all."

Kesey: "That guy was perfect. I mean, [Weller] was born dead, wasn't he?"

Ginsberg: "Burroughs never read the 'talking asshole' section [of the novel] that way. He was much more entertaining."

Orlovsky: "When he was in Tangier, he used to smoke enough to put us all away. Remember? He used to smoke 'the bomb' like a big cigar, like a big stick of dynamite. The smoke!"

Ginsberg: "It was actually interesting to see both what Hollywood does to Burroughs and what Burroughs does to an expensive movie."

—Hank Rosenfeld

Private Lives of Public Figures



Presidential candidate Pat Buchanan readies himself to plunge into the campaign-trail melting pot.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



"Dear Miss Manners: I Have Been Invited to Join the Mafia..."

In the wake of the prosecution of John Gotti and the Colombo-family gang war, many people who had never expected to join an organized-crime family may find themselves being recruited by suddenly less finicky gangsters eager to increase their ranks. This may provoke some anxiety among the invitees, particularly about what goes on at the supersecret initiation rites. Now, thanks to federal prosecutors who recorded a ceremony held by New England's Patriarca crime family in 1989, we know what happens.

I. Expect ample seating and a measure of privacy. The bug first caught two members of the family, *consigliere* Joseph Russo and *capodecime* Vincent Ferrara, setting up.

Russo: Okay. These seats gonna take up [a] lot of fuckin' space. The food takes up a lot of space.... What's in there? A [unintelligible]? This is a nonsmoking house; I don't see ashtrays.... She's going to ▸

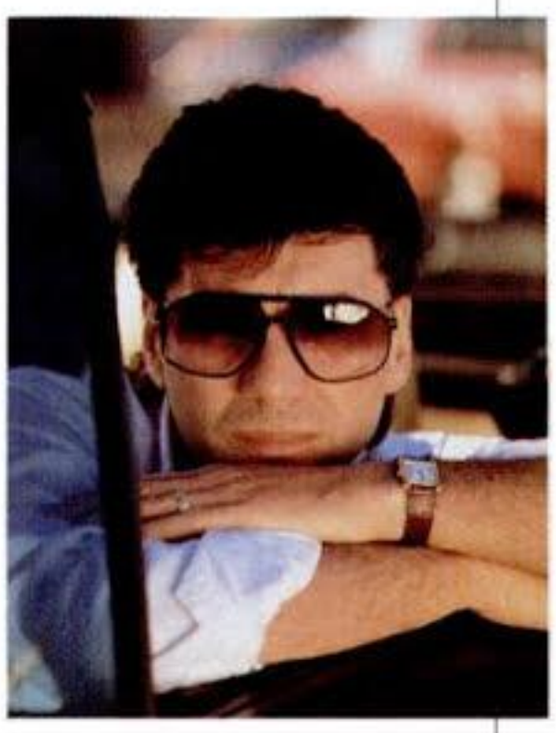
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smell smoke in the fuckin' house....[*Footsteps*] Put that in the kitchen.... Remember to set it on the table and put the striped cloth on....We're gonna need this room....[*Starts moving furniture.*]
Ferrara: That's perfect. Like this, and like this. Like this. Gonna leave this chair....It will be Raymond, Nicky and you. Like this.
Russo: These fuckin' guys don't hate me [dressed] in blue [unintelligible].
Ferrara: We gotta do the best we can, Joe.
Russo: Yeah, I know....
Ferrara: He's so stupid.
Russo: The best we can.
Ferrara: What I was going to think we should do is put the food on the coffee table....
Russo: Yeah, you're right. You're right, you're right, you're right. Now it looks like we're not all cluttered with food and shit....
Ferrara: I think Donati did good.
Russo: [Unintelligible] fuckin' slut [unintelligible].
Ferrara: This fucking kid is sharp.
Russo: It would be a beautiful world, right?... Let's shut these blinds.... How do I shut these blinds?
Ferrara: You gotta shut 'em?...
Russo: I don't want criticism in any way, shape or form. It's best we better shut these. Them are shut....Now, here's what I want to do first of all....I just want to do one thing. Shut that door.
Ferrara: Shut this door?
Russo: Just talk a little louder while I'm downstairs. Talk out loud.
Ferrara: Okay. ▶

Naked City

The Yuppie Don's Last Deal

Michael Franzese's Book Is in the Stores, but the Feds May Want Him Dead



Just as Ur–eighties predators Michael Milken, Ivan Boesky and Dennis Levine have all had to spend time in prison, Michael Franzese, the mob's own go-go guy, is back in jail. Like Milken, Franzese once oversaw an illegal syndicate, one that at its peak reportedly netted him personally $1-million a week. Like Boesky, Franzese testified against former associates to get a reduced sentence. And like Levine, Franzese became an author: His memoir, *Quitting the Mob*, was just published. Unlike these other felons, however, Franzese outfoxed authorities when he wanted to make a deal. And now he is paying the price.

During the 1980s, Franzese's scams earned the mob hundreds of millions of dollars. Convicted in 1986, he received a ten-year prison sentence and was ordered to pay $14.7 million in fines and restitution. After three years, Franzese decided to rat out his old friends. Instead of entering the witness-protection program, he designed his own deal: Franzese agreed to testify, but only against associates who could be indicted within a year.

The government used that time poorly. Franzese testified at only two trials—that of sports agent Norby Walters, whose conviction was overturned, and that of a Long Island janitor. "A janitor for Franzese," one prosecutor says now. "That's what it boils down to." Still, Franzese was permitted to serve out his sentence on probation.

Once free, he went right to work. He signed his book deal with HarperCollins and peddled the film rights. He also focused on reducing his fine. Last May, Franzese struck *another* deal with the Feds, wherein the government became the de facto business partner of a convicted racketeer. The parties agreed on a sliding scale: Franzese would pay a minimum of 25 percent of his monthly income; if he had a good month (in which, say, he sold the film rights to his book), the government could attach 75 percent of his earnings. "Ice cream on top of horseshit" is the prosecutor's description of the restitution agreement; he argues that the deal was just the government's way of salvaging something out of a bad bargain.

Franzese then did little to make the Feds happy. Though he lived in swank houses in Bel Air and Brentwood and drove a Mercedes and a Porsche, he cried poverty whenever officials came to collect. Between May and November of last year, he paid the government less than $16,000.

Unfortunately for Franzese, he forged his name on a $1,400 check and in late December was sent back to prison to resume his sentence. Those close to Franzese maintain that because he has been an informer, this is, in fact, a death sentence, imposed by a government intent on getting back at someone who duped it.

Officials disagree, saying that Franzese is just angling for cushier accommodations in prison. Still, HarperCollins has already worked the possibility of a jailhouse murder into its marketing strategy. *Quitting the Mob*'s jacket features a blurb from a former FBI agent that says, "He will get whacked." Eamon Dolan, Franzese's editor, seems unfazed by his author's imprisonment—the book has shipped, and the author is unexpectedly hot. "Hey," Dolan said when asked about Franzese's current misadventures, "the book's already gotten a rave in *Kirkus*." —*John Brodie*

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FRIDAY & SATURDAY: 5:30 P.M. TO 11:30 P.M.

SUNDAY: 5:30 P.M. TO 10 P.M.

Russo: Whatever you want [to say]. [*He goes downstairs.*]
Ferrara: "All right, ladies and gentlemen, the star of the show, the new man in town, the captain, J.R., my main man. And on its way is the doughnut man." Can you hear me?
Russo: [*Returning*] I did, but...now youse yelling, talking too loud....Now you go downstairs and I'll do it....You kind of talked loud.
Ferrara: [*From downstairs*] Okay, go ahead.
Russo: "All right, boys... we're going to do something for you today that might be the greatest day in your life." Now...if you can hear me, just let me know.
Ferrara: I can hear your voice...[but] can't distinguish the words....
Russo: There's a drone, huh?...
Ferrara: What the fuck's the difference?
Russo: I don't want criticism or discussion.

II. Expect to learn about tradition.

Ferrara: I don't want Nicky sitting there, because then people take it like he's over you, and he's not.
Russo: That's why, for example, the knights of the Round Table was round, so nobody was, ah, the boss....
Ferrara: They gotta know... ▶

March Datebook

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

2 Iceland celebrates Bun Day, in which, we are told, children invade homes with colorful sticks and receive gifts of whipped-cream buns. In a similar ritual, New York youths invade homes with not-especially-colorful sticks and demand gifts of cash and stereo equipment.

3 Native American artist Tammy Rahr demonstrates corn-husk-doll-making techniques at the National Museum of the American Indian; the dolls apparently will not come with either Dream Corn Husk RV or Super-action Corn Husk Battle Armor. Beware of solicitous Tom-Laughlin-for-President canvassers.



5 PBS broadcasts the World's Largest Concert, a nationwide sing-along in which 8-million schoolchildren, led by Sandy Duncan, perform songs including "Simple Gifts" and "The Duck Dance." As one, the nation realizes that George Bush really is committed to being the education president.



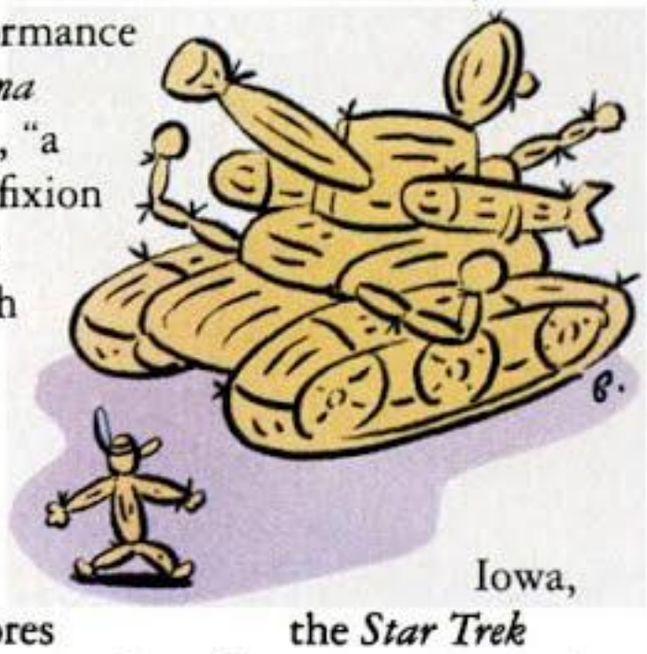
8 Last evening to go to The Kitchen and catch singer Diamanda Galas's performance of *Vena Cava*, "a crucifixion piece which explores the destruction of the mind in extreme isolation through the related illnesses of Clinical Depression and AIDS Dementia." Alas,

13 Friday the Thirteenth *and* L. Ron Hubbard's birthday. Be especially leery of anyone who asks you to don electronic headgear today.

14–15 Circuit Assembly of Jehovah's Witnesses, Brooklyn. On the agenda, no doubt: strategies for purchasing the rest of Brooklyn Heights.

21 Future birthday of Captain James T. Kirk, as declared by the City Council of Riverside, Iowa, the *Star Trek* protagonist's alleged hometown. No town has thus far laid claim to T. J. Hooker.

31 Gabe Kaplan turns 47.



Illustrations by Phil Marden

Blurb-o-Mat

Capsule Reviews by Walter Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend



THE POWER OF ONE, starring Morgan Freeman, Stephen Dorff (Warner Bros.) ℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"Makes *Miss Daisy* look like mulch! Morgan, introduce yourself to the power of Oscar!"**

YEAR OF THE COMET, starring Penelope Ann Miller, Timothy Daly (Columbia) ℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"Julia *who*? Demi *what*? This is the year of a Kohoutek-tacular fireball named Penelope Ann, and *ooof!*—does she have a tail on her!"**

JOHNNY SUEDE, starring Brad Pitt (Miramax) ℘℘℘
Walter Monheit says, **"Get your tanned hides to the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, ladies—Oscar's making a Pitt stop!"**

What the monocles mean: ℘℘℘*—excellent;*
℘℘℘℘*—indisputably a classic*

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Naked City

Tru Stories

The Epidemic of Capote-Specific Blurbomania

Horror novels have their Stephen Kings, bildungsromans their *Catcher in the Ryes* and *Huck Finns*. But few literary forms seem as monolithically defined by one book as the true-crime genre.

I. The Standard

"The most riveting true-crime account since *In Cold Blood*."
—*Kirkus Reviews* on Ann Rule's *Small Sacrifices*

"Coleman's account of a family gone terribly wrong may be the best piece of reporting since *In Cold Blood*."
—Morley Safer on Jonathan Coleman's *At Mother's Request*

"Rivals Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*."
—Willie Morris on Shana Alexander's *Nutcracker*

II. The Cutesy Comparison

"Brings new meaning to the phrase *In Cold Blood*."
—*Cosmopolitan* on John Dillman's *Unholy Matrimony*

"*Victim* is Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* turned inside out."
—*Newsweek* on Gary Kinder's *Victim*

"A combination of *Less Than Zero* and *In Cold Blood* and it's very chilling."
—A. J. Langguth on Sue Horton's *The Billionaire Boys Club*

III. The Mailer-Capote Tandem Rave

"It deserves to keep company with Capote's *In Cold Blood* and Mailer's *The Executioner's Song*."
—*Kirkus Reviews* on Jonathan Coleman's *At Mother's Request*

"*Engaged to Murder* deserves to be mentioned in company with *In Cold Blood* and *The Executioner's Song*."
—David Bradley on Loretta Schwartz-Nobel's *Engaged to Murder*

"*Mrs. Harris* ranks with the best....*In Cold Blood* and *The Executioner's Song* are others to which Trilling's book more than measures up."
—*The Village Voice* on Diana Trilling's *Mrs. Harris*

"Like Capote and Mailer before him, Mayer compiles his details with a reporter's skill and arranges them with a novelist's arrogance."
—*The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* on Robert Mayer's *The Dreams of Ada*

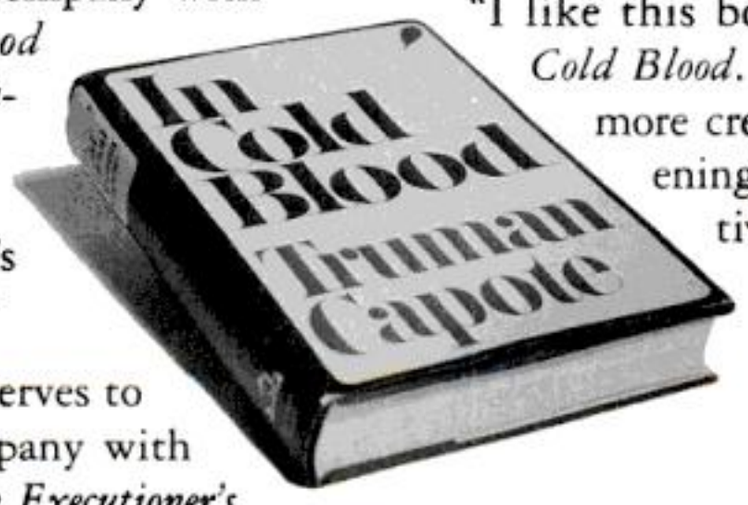
IV: Truman Who?

"It makes *In Cold Blood* look like child's play."
—Lucy Freeman on Flora Rheta Schreiber's *The Shoemaker*

"Equal to or better than Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*."
—*The Denton Record-Chronicle* on Mike Cochran's *Texas vs. Davis*

"So absorbing and so suspenseful that even the most jaded reviewer might find it difficult to put down....In comparison *In Cold Blood* seems shallow."
—*The Washington Post* on Thomas Thompson's *Blood and Money*

"The most compelling nonfiction story since *In Cold Blood*—only better."
—Tom Wolfe on Anthony Haden-Guest's *Bad Dreams*



"I like this book better than *In Cold Blood*. It is more honest, more credible, more frightening, and more instructive."
—Harold Brodkey on Melanie Thernstrom's *The Dead Girl*

V. The Postmodern Approach

"It has become fashionable with books about vicious crimes to compare them with Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*. Finally there is a book that deserves the comparison."
—*The Richmond Times-Dispatch* on Jack Olsen's *Son*

—*Lawrence Levi*

Russo: Of course. Tradition. Tradition. Protocol. Protocol.

III. Once the ceremony starts, don't expect to fully understand everything people say.

Russo: They have to publish it. [Unintelligible] on the line. But don't go put yourself where you are chasing this kid or breaking his fuckin' [unintelligible] like that [unintelligible].... But since he's [unintelligible] money [unintelligible] that, you know whatever the reason was [unintelligible] you know, call it in and bring it back [unintelligible].

IV. Expect a friendly discussion of interpersonal relations and self-fulfillment.

Russo: As far as...being introduced to another Friend of Ours, you never, never introduce yourselves, under no conditions. The only way you can meet another Friend of Ours is through another Friend....You would never, never, you know...reveal that you are a made member unless properly introduced....

Ferrara: Never volunteer.

Russo: Another thing we're very protective of [is] our women. You have a sister, unless our intentions are superhonorable, marriage of course, that's all, we have nothin' to be with, or if you have a girlfriend, or a wife, needless to say [unintelligible] the only way to get out of that, you die, you die. A woman is sacred. It's different if your intentions are honorable, a man has a sister, you like his sister, your intentions are honorable, you want to get married and have a family and do the right ▸

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thing, nothing wrong with that, we encourage that, intermarriage...[when] your intentions are superhonorable....

Raymond Patriarca, the godfather: You all come·here highly recommended. You've all done everything you hadda do, and everybody likes you....Stay the way youse are, don't let it go to your head....[Membership's] not to be used to make money; it's not an advantage, a ticket to abuse people; it doesn't make you better than other people....If you don't let it go to your head, and you don't abuse it, you'll have a happy, happy, happy life....We should teach him the introduction.

Biagio DiGiacomo, a *capodecime*: I say, "Say hello to a Friend of Ours, Bobby."

Vincent Federico, an inductee: Right.

DiGiacomo: "This is Vinny. He's a Friend of Ours."

Federico: Right. Okay.

DiGiacomo: Then you shake hands.

Federico: Right.

DiGiacomo: Don't kiss him. Years ago we used to kiss each other.

Charlie Quintina, another *capodecime*: We try to stop kissing in public.

DiGiacomo: Now we try to stop it because—

Quintina: We stand out.

On the basis of this and other tapes, 23 mobsters were indicted. Patriarca and DiGiacomo pleaded guilty to racketeering charges; Russo and Ferrara are, at this writing, awaiting trial.

Hey! You've Got to Hide Your Oedipal Fantasies Away

The Oral History of Rock 'n' Roll, Part III

In John Lennon's most memorable post-Beatles songs, he rejects religion, lashes out at musical sellouts and dredges up the tortured memories of his childhood. Although the lyrics to these songs are quite blunt, they do not match Lennon's off-the-record thoughts on the same subjects. SPY has obtained a tape recording of Lennon's musings that has become a staple on the bootleg circuit.



The recording was made on September 5, 1979. One can almost hear Lennon's amusement that nearly a decade after his nihilistic "God" and the acerbic "How Do You Sleep?," none of his contemporaries have got the message: "I was listening to the radio, and **Dylan**'s new single or album...came on, about everybody's got to get served. [*Laughs*] I mean, what was it?... You've got to serve *somebody*. Hmmm. So he wants to be a waiter now. He wants to be a waiter for Christ."

According to Lennon, Dylan, **Paul McCartney**, **Mick Jagger** and "the singing dwarf, Mr. **Simon**," are "all company men in various disguises, but basically company men." Lennon talks about "watching the mighty Dylan and the mighty McCartney and the mighty Jagger slide down the mountain with blood and mud in their nails....The difference between now and a couple of years back is that whenever there was a new thing out by *any* of the aforesaid, I used to feel a sense of panic and competition....I would send out for their albums...just to hear it. It doesn't seem like any point now....At least I get pleasure in it instead of panic—the main pleasure being, of course, is that it's all a load of shit."

As Lennonphiles know, the smart Beatle's relationship with his mother, Julia, is the basis for several of his songs. His recollections of adolescence from the bootleg provide some new insights into "Mother" and other works: "I was remembering the time when I had my hand on my mother's tit in No. 1 Blomfield Road. It was when I was about 14....We were lying on her bed, and I was, 'I wonder if I should, uh, do anything else?' It was a strange moment....I always think that I should have done it, presuming she would have allowed it." He then describes his mother's sensual attire at that moment (soft sweater, tight chartreuse skirt), ending with a resigned—or blithe?—"Hey ho." —*Jeffrey Ressner*

Illustration by Dan Sweetman

AN EARLY INTELLECTUAL-PROPERTY LAWSUIT



Cartoon by David Farley

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Naked City

When the News Is Not Quite Fit to Print

Celebrating *The New York Times*'s Most Execrable Story

"Some of the larger beetles use dung in their courtship dances, the male lifting a deftly rolled bit of dropping and shaking it provoeatively in the face of a female."—NATALIE ANGIER, writing in *The New York Times*, December 10, 1991

You are a science writer, and a fine one. You undertake a major article on dung beetles. You begin your research. In no time, you see that to do your job properly you must write some of the least appetizing prose ever to appear in the paper of record. Do you panic at the thought that no one will want to wade through 60 column inches of this? That it will take Promethean ingenuity just to hold your readers' attention across the jump from page C1 to page C12? Not a bit. You're a pro—and you know exactly what it takes to turn a bored and potentially disgusted reader into a dung-beetle buff! You gulp and dive into a moist, loamy corner of your vocabulary to pull up an astonishing collection of crowd-pleasing synonyms and enterprising euphemisms for your six-legged subject's favorite meal. Here is what you produce for your readers:

pat
dung
generous patties
dung pat
pat of dung
dung balls
dung heap
heap of dung
freshly laid dung
big hunks of dung
carapace of cattle dung
fecal matter
waste
waste matter
noxious wastes
ordure
droppings
excrement
excretions
brood balls
huge balls
orbs
resource
prized resource
unpredictable resource
flotsam
exceedingly appealing resource
morning business
modest portions
biggest slice of the pie
the site of miraculous presentation
food source
rich and leisurely meal
a complex microcosm unto itself
a teeming habitat not unlike a patch of wetland or the decaying trunk of an old redwood
a sort of singles bar
pulsating Manhattan of beetles
meadow muffin
you-know-what

—Steve Radlauer

It's a Wonderful Town!



Earl Ruby looking at gun with which his brother killed Lee Harvey Oswald; the pistol had just been sold at auction for $220,000.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

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Separated at Birth?



Orrin Hatch...



and Pee-wee Herman?



Brandon Tartikoff...



and Dwight Yoakam?



John Irving...



and Robert Urich?



Pat Buchanan...



and Lou Costello?



John Mellencamp...



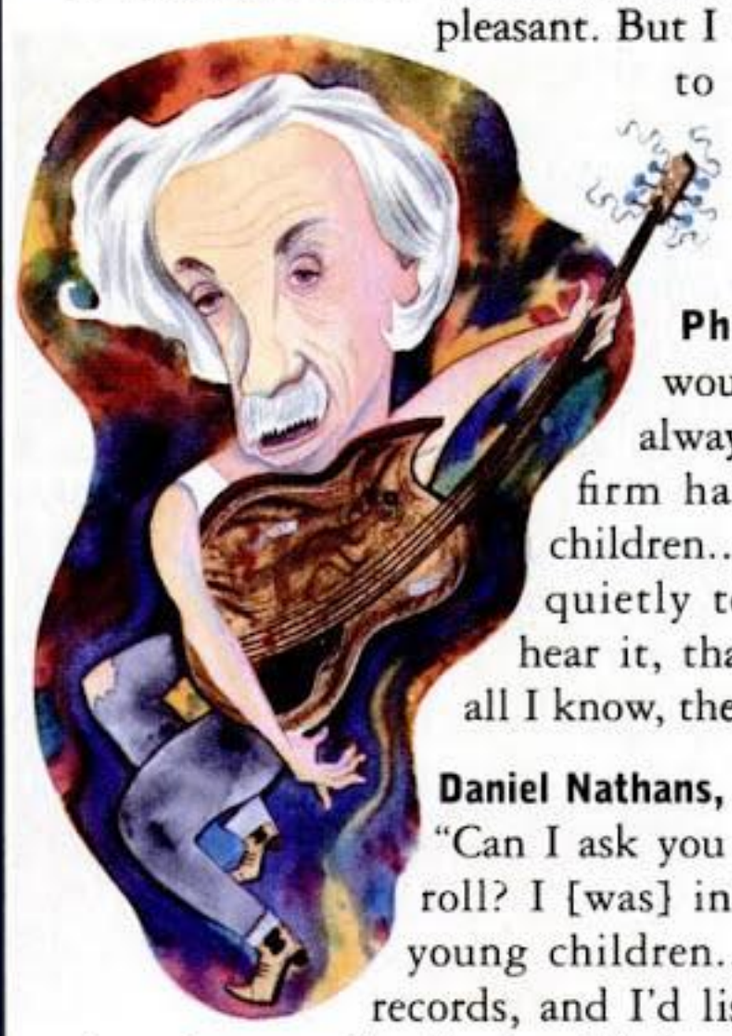
and Kristy McNichol?

Meet the Nobelists! This Month's Question:

Is rock 'n' roll dead?

James Tobin, 1981 Nobel Prize in Economics: "It certainly doesn't sound like it's dead. I involuntarily hear it all the time. At least, I guess that's rock 'n' roll."

Jerome I. Friedman, 1990, Physics: "My children used to listen to it all the time. There was some I even found reasonably pleasant. But I never paid much attention to it with the heavy-metal stuff. I got lost in all the various varieties."



Allan M. Cormack, 1979, Physiology/Medicine: "I would hope it would be. I've always detested it. I took a very firm hand about that with my children....If they wanted to play it quietly to themselves so I didn't hear it, that was their business. For all I know, they may have done that."

Daniel Nathans, 1978, Physiology/Medicine: "Can I ask you if the Beatles are rock 'n' roll? I [was] introduced to them by my young children....The kids wanted some records, and I'd listen with them, or sometimes by myself....I enjoyed it."

Philip W. Anderson, 1977, Physics: "I was a jazz addict in the forties; if you ask me about classic jazz, I'm there. I kind of delighted with the Beatles and that era, and then gradually dropped out of the scene."

Dudley R. Herschbach, 1986, Chemistry: "It could be temporarily dead, but I imagine it could make a comeback....It may be rediscovered....There's not too much to hear, just *kaboom*, *kaboom*. My daughters have tried to tell me how they like the lyrics. I said, 'How do we *hear* the lyrics?' Well, they know, somehow, what they are....It's a curious thing, a genuine phenomenon."

Roald Hoffmann, 1981, Chemistry: "I don't think rock 'n' roll is dead, but it has flown into little bits and pieces. I think what's interesting are the excursions toward mixtures and fusion with jazz, with reggae, with ethnic music of various kinds, with folk traditions."

Hamilton Smith, 1978, Physiology/Medicine: "It's not bad, some of it. I wouldn't be able to name a specific piece or song, but if I like it, there must be some intellectual value. There's some interesting sounds there, and I'd have to say it has some merit to it. My older son had some records I didn't mind hearing over and over....The Electric Light Orchestra had some good stuff."

—Gregg Stebben

Illustration by Russell O. Jones

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John Sununu: What Color Is Your Parachute? An Exclusive SPY Prank on an Unemployed Despot

In these hard economic times, it's incumbent upon all Americans to help the less fortunate. Here at SPY, that means we should come to the aid of, say, any once powerful, now unemployed bullies who have served as the butt of our jokes. Like John Sununu. Figuring that Sununu would probably need some practice retooling himself for the private sector, we decided to help him brush up. Pretending to be Nicholas J. Scott, the president of an imaginary executive-head-hunting firm, we called the White House, where Sununu was permitted to keep an office through March, and broached a job offer we had concocted.

John Sununu: Mr. Scott, how are you?

SPY: *I'll cut right to it, because I know you're busy—your name has been suggested in connection with a CEO position we're currently attempting to fill. To protect the stock price, we can't at this point reveal the name of the company to candidates. I can tell you that the position is CEO of a* Fortune *200 company whose primary business is energy....Is this something that you could conceivably be interested in?*

Conceivably, yes, but I have to tell you, I just don't like operating on things as nebulous as that....How large a company is it? Can you give me an idea of what its sales are?

It's a $9 billion company, so it's right up there. But I wonder if I could just ask you a couple of questions very briefly.

What end of the business? Oil?

Yes.

Can you tell me where it's located?

Well, heh heh, now we're getting...

North, south, west, east?

Actually, there are several major offices. If you have a couple of minutes, I'd like to ask you a couple of questions....First, how would you rate your organizational skills?

The federal government's been ticking quite well....I have what I call the acorn theory of management. I know enough about the details so that if there's an acorn of a problem, I go solve it.

What do you think your subordinates think of you as a boss?

Contrary to what the press has said, they'd say this is the smoothest-running White House they've ever had.

Do you consider yourself a people person?

Yeah.

How would you rate your interpersonal skills?

Depends how badly the other guy's screwing up. If they've really screwed up,



[my skills are] probably lousy.

Do you have any weak points?

Yeah. My impatience has always been a weak point, and I've mellowed and matured and gotten that more under control. And I really still naively expect people to do as much homework before they come into a meeting as I'm willing to do. And I'm discovering in life that that doesn't always happen.

As I mentioned earlier, the company has a lot of operations spread all over the globe. Do you mind traveling?

No, no.

Okay. Now, I'm not negotiating here...but the company anticipates offering a base salary in the high six figures with an incentive compensation potentially equal to the base, so we're talking about low seven figures here as a total package. Does that sound competitive?

Well, I can tell you that it enters the range....Most of what I've been putting together as packages start at three and a half million.

We realize that you might want to write memoirs or make speeches about {policy}. Would you agree to have them reviewed by someone in the company?

If they're related to the company, yes. I do want to make some speeches. To be honest with you, I just had a speech—um, whatever the right word is, these folks that line 'em up—and they're talking about a couple of million dollars in six months, and I do not want to give that up.* But I'm sure that can all be worked out.

Well, let me be more specific. If there would be something in your speech... that some of the folks at the company might say, "Let's take a little closer look at that"...

I don't have a problem with that. I don't, I don't, I don't, I'm not—I have no particular set of horses I'm riding.

Do you have aspirations for holding public office again?

No, I'm done.

*To earn that much within six months, Sununu would have to get $20,000 a speech and average four speeches a week. We called some speakers' bureaus and asked if that was possible. Most thought not. "Not only is that not in the ballpark," one said, "that's not even in the country." What would be more likely? "A *lot* fewer zeros."

Illustration by Aletha Reppel

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handpainted italian ceiling, circa 1870, $2495
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ABC
CARPET & HOME

SPY BIG PICTURES

A portfolio *of recent photographs could be described as kaleidoscopic images of frozen moments in time, but we hope no one will ever say this about our new monthly picture section.* **March 1992**





The first and second couples at a $1,000-a-plate campaign fundraiser in Houston

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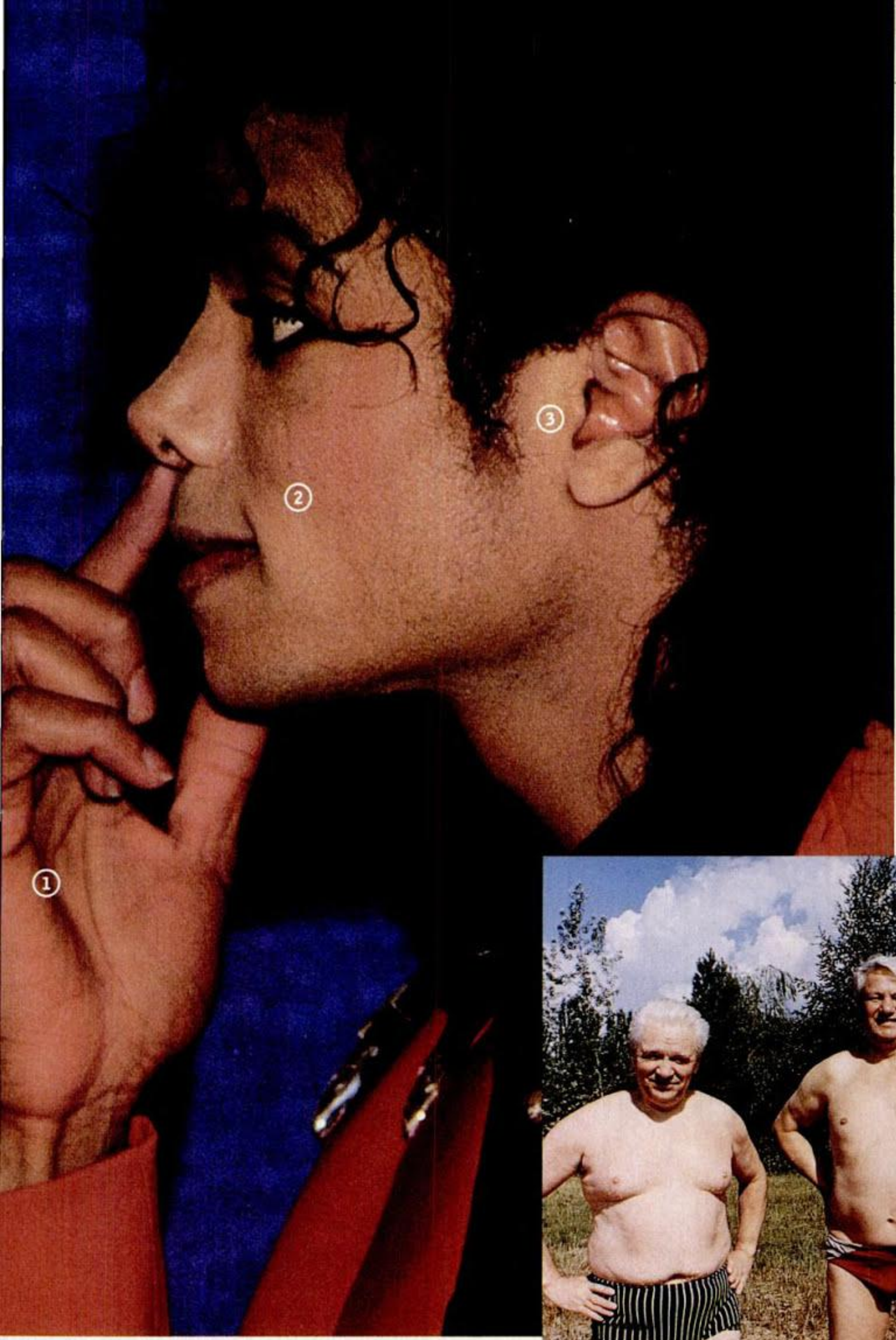
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Michael Jackson: 1992-Model-Year Tint and Texture Specs

(1) The hand, a supple *rose heather*

(2) The cheek, a velvety *ecru teak*

(3) The ear, a water-repellent *cognac twilight*





Left, Sylvester Stallone and friend in Italy; *right*, Russian president Boris Yeltsin poses with some buddies in Kirghizia.

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SPY BIG PICTU









David Duke is a former Klansman and does not, in fact, enjoy significant support among black voters. That may or may not justify the decision of newspapers and magazines to assiduously avoid publishing pictures such as these.

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SPY BIG PICTURES

At the Institute of the Brain in Moscow, Lenin's brain is stored in 30,000 slices. Others, shown here, include Josef Stalin's (*second from bottom, on the left*) and famous dog trainer I. P. Pavlov's (*two shelves up from Stalin, both packages*).

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Look What You've Been Missing!



September 1987
THE MEN WHO DEFEND THE MOB
Do Mafia lawyers—oops, *alleged* Mafia lawyers, that is—really believe they're performing a public service?



October 1988
THE SPY 100
Our annual roster of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things, topped by Al Sharpton.



August 1989
WHO WAS WHO
How time travel could really work. The little mogul that couldn't: awful moviemaking with Dino DeLaurentiis.

November 1987
KENNEDY BASHING!
The unsold story of Chappaquiddick and an interfaith symposium: will Teddy burn in hell?



November 1988
FEUDS!
Dean & Jerry, Mick & Keith, Mailer & Vidal, and more. The toughest weenie in America: Rudolph Giuliani.



September 1989
VILLAGE IDIOTS
Henry Kissinger, Mort Zuckerman, Faye Dunaway and other rich-and-famous part-time country mice make glamorous nuisances of themselves.





March 1988
THE FILOFAX GENERATION
I'm Okay, You're Late: the fetish for personal, prioritized life-style management. Plus, inside Mensa!



January-February 1989
MR. STUPID GOES TO WASHINGTON!
America's Ten Dopiest Lawmakers—all those in favor, say *duh*. Plus, terminal-impact energies of the stars!



October 1989
THE SPY 100
Our annual census of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things.

April 1988
THE NICE ISSUE
Harold Washington's diet of death. The SPY guide to postmodern everything. The new urban bestiary. Plus, ghostwriters!



March 1989
ISN'T IT IRONIC?
A straight-faced look at the Irony Epidemic: how everything in the world turned "funny"—from Twister to Twinkies.



November 1989
WILD AND CRAZY VIPS!
SPY goes undercover with Henry Kissinger, Merv Griffin and William F. Buckley Jr. at Bohemian Grove—the establishment's secret two-week frat party!





May 1988
WELCOME TO RAT CITY!
They live in our walls, they chew through our sheet metal, they could come up through your toilet: the definitive story on rats.



April 1989
CELEBRITY GARBAGE!
Coffee grounds of the rich and interoffice memos of the famous—a scientific, sanitary and not at all unseemly investigation.

July-August 1988
PARTY GUYS!
The First Annual Pro-Am Ironman Nightlife Decathlon. The George Bush briefing book. Plus, return to Grenada!



May 1989
IVANARAMA!
A special investigative tribute to Ivana Trump, and the good and bad news about cryonics. Plus: the nubbins watch commences!

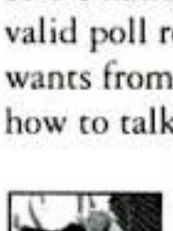




September 1988
LIFE-STYLE HELL! OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE
Scientific proof that if you move to Los Angeles, you will become Joan Collins. Plus, inside Hef's pad!



June 1989
LET'S MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL
Real-life Fausts, from Ed Koch to Jackie Onassis, and media zillionaires Norman and Frances Lear. Plus, taste-testing dog food!



December 1989
BUY THIS MAGAZINE OR WE'LL BURN THIS FLAG
Our spectacular Bill of Rights special, including eleven other ways (besides burning) to desecrate the flag.



January 1990
BUILDING A BETTER CELEBRITY
SPY's nationwide, statistically valid poll reveals what America wants from its celebrities. Plus, how to talk like George Bush.



July 1989
SUMMER FUN ISSUE!
A really, really long article about William F. Buckley Jr.! Cooking with suet: a culinary symposium on the Twinkie!



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The free-money well runs dry, and Wall Street goes wacko! Plus, gratuitous mime-bashing!

...and more!



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GAG RULE

HOW THE REPUBLICANS AND ONE WEAK-KNEED DEMOCRAT—JOE BIDEN—SUPPRESSED THE TRUTH ABOUT CLARENCE THOMAS AND SAVED HIS NOMINATION

On October 13, PBS decided to forgo its usual Sunday-night lineup of fascinating nature programs and tony British dramas and just give the people what they wanted: an old-fashioned sex scandal, set at the highest levels of government. In other words, it broadcast the final session of the Clarence Thomas hearings, which were mesmerizing the nation.

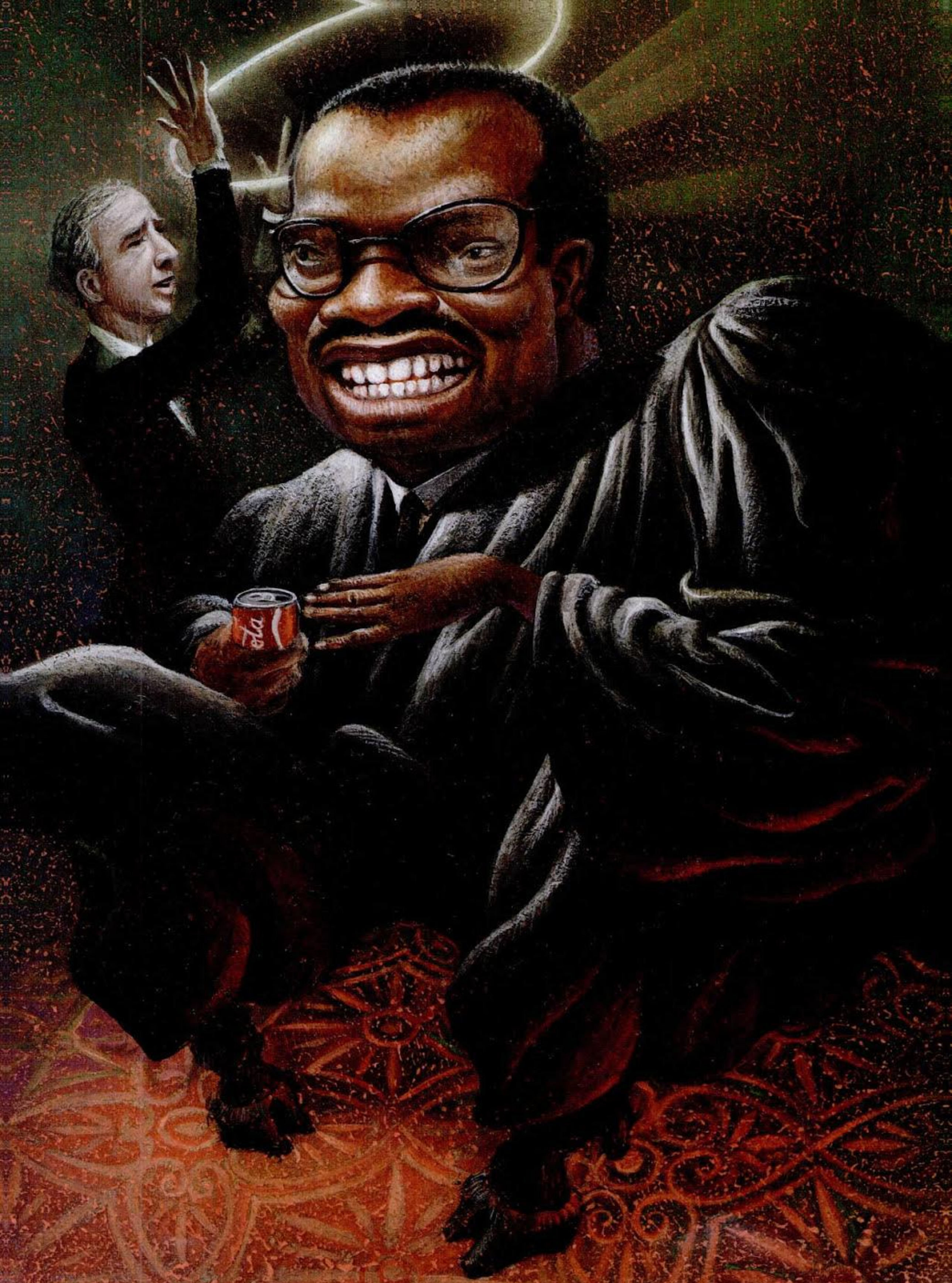
Among those watching the broadcast that night was Rose Jordain, a patient at Washington Hospital Center. Jordain was a speech writer who had worked for Clarence Thomas at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Several days earlier, Jordain, who is in her mid-sixties, had undergone major surgery. She was recovering but was still weak and in pain. With her was her daughter, who sat by the bed holding her mother's hand, providing Jordain some solace from the tension. She was anxious because she was waiting for a phone call from the Senate Judiciary Committee summoning her to testify, under oath, about her former boss. Across the room a suit was laid out on a chair; a pair of pumps sat underneath. Earlier, nurses had helped fix her hair. Jordain wanted to look her best when she went on television and told the nation that Thomas had indeed sexually harassed one of his young female employees—an employee who was not Anita Hill.

The summons from the Senate never came. An interview with Jordain conducted earlier

by Lynda Edwards

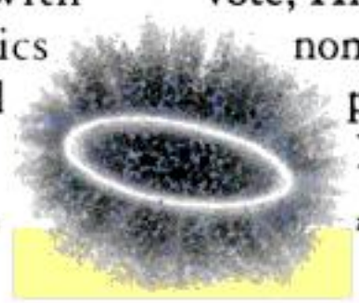
ILLUSTRATION BY MARK RYDEN

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that day by Senate staff members and containing her accusations was to have been distributed to the entire Senate; many key aides say today that they never saw the transcript and have never heard of Jordain. Two days later, Thomas was confirmed, 52–48; a swing of three votes would have defeated the nomination. Would three senators have stopped thinking Anita Hill was a crazy, vindictive erotomaniac had they heard the grandmotherly Jordain discuss how Thomas had driven another employee to tears with his remarks? Would their calculations of sexual politics and racial politics and White House politics have added up differently? Would the sandlot-baseball reduction—*This is a tie, and ties go to the runner*—have been nullified by the damning testimony of other witnesses?

Probably. But what can be said indisputably is this: Despite the solemn oaths and the senators' seemingly probing questions, no one on the Judiciary Committee had much interest in getting to the truth about Clarence Thomas. Instead, the confirmation became a political hot potato, and the effort to squelch witnesses who would damage Thomas was the most crucial part of the event. It was also the part that the American public never saw.



"CLARENCE THOMAS DID CONSISTENTLY PRESSURE ME TO DATE HIM," WRIGHT TOLD INVESTIGATORS. "HE ASKED ME WHAT SIZE MY BOOBS WERE."

This much you remember: On Sunday, October 6, *New York Newsday* and National Public Radio reported that Anita Hill had told Judiciary Committee investigators that Thomas harassed her when he headed the EEOC; the next day, she held a press conference in Oklahoma. Public response was instant and emphatic: There was outrage that the Senate panel had blithely dismissed these accusations and was ready to vote. To its astonishment, the Senate discovered that the country wanted Hill to be heard.

It could not have come as much of a surprise to experienced Senate-watchers that this embarrassing shitstorm occurred on the watch of Senator Joseph Biden, the chairman of the committee. The insufferably clubbable, glad-handing Biden has been at the center of many of the Senate's worst moments in recent years, largely because of his tendency to stand up to nobody. In his puppyish desire to please, Biden allowed his beloved 1990 crime bill to turn to mush—the death-penalty provision, for example, combined Strom Thurmond's enlargement of the capital-crimes category with Ted Kennedy's prohibition against executions that further "a racially discriminatory pattern." In 1989, Biden opposed legislation that outlawed flag burning while he simultaneously proposed a constitutional amendment forbidding it, a nutty, pointless effort that finally left him apologizing for "wasting the taxpayers' money." Two years earlier, before the Supreme Court nomination of Robert Bork, Biden had said he could accept him; after the nomination Biden had said he would *probably* oppose Bork, then that he would *definitely* oppose Bork but would explain why later.

Coming just before the confirmation vote, Hill's accusations almost sank the nomination then and there. Many pro-Thomas senators, Democratic and Republican, said they would vote against Thomas if Biden didn't call for a delay and investigate. But while the White House realized that the politics of the moment required more hearings, it wasn't about to hang Thomas out to dry. As soon as Majority Leader George Mitchell announced that Biden alone would determine the time and duration of any further inquiry, the White House, under the direction of presidential counsel C. Boyden Gray, began to terrorize him.

Aides to Gray and to Ken Duberstein, the public-relations man who was handling Thomas for the White House, met with Biden to work out the particulars. Biden sat behind his desk. Thomas's handlers stood. They shouted at Biden, called him a racist and then flopped a brown folder on his desk. Inside was a stack of editorials from *The Wall Street Journal* that had run during Clarence Thomas's U.S. Court of Appeals confirmation hearings in 1990. The editorials accused Biden of having launched a malicious, biased "fishing expedition" in search of anti-Thomas documents. One editorial was headlined—does this sound familiar?—THE NEXT LYNCHING.

The editorials had worked once—Biden voted to confirm Thomas to the Court of Appeals—and would help keep

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Biden in check again. This time, though, the Republicans upped the ante, threatening to cast Biden's old antibusing statements in a racist light. The Republicans insisted that the hearings be fast and superficial, or else Biden would be portrayed as a bigot.

After almost an hour, the Republicans stormed out. A pale and shaken Biden followed. Later that day, Biden announced that the committee would devote two days to investigating the charges; televised hearings would follow.

Many fellow Democrats were furious—*48 hours to round up witnesses, check statements, request records? Impossible!* Even some of the Republican committee members agreed the task was hopeless, but with the administration leaning on them—Iowa's Charles Grassley, for example, the only vaguely antiwar Republican senator during the Iraqi adventure, was told by the White House that if he wasn't cooperative, commercials would run during his next campaign that would make him sound soft on Saddam—they were disinclined to object. Consequently, the committee aides and investigators pressed on. Feelings ran high: Republicans and Democrats shouted at one another, and everyone shouted at members of Biden's staff. At one point aides broke into a shoving match.

On Wednesday, tensions boiled over. There was now a second woman who claimed Thomas had harassed her at the EEOC. Her name was Angela Wright. She was black, conservative, Republican and credible. And before now she had never heard of Anita Hill.

Mark Schwartz, a Biden aide, had received an anonymous call telling him that Wright, now the assistant metro editor of *The Charlotte Observer*, was at that very moment writing a column about Thomas's repugnant behavior. Schwartz immediately phoned Wright, who agreed to be interviewed.

Almost at once the cry arose from the predominantly male staff: *A woman! A woman! We need a woman!* If someone



Angela Wright, in her office at *The Charlotte Observer*

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was going to interview Angela Wright, the interviewer had better be female, because the men didn't want to be caught again ignoring behavior that would inflame the women of America. (Don't laugh: Senators were working desperately to show their sensitivity to women. One evening, a frantic senator ordered a receptionist to borrow a blazer and pose behind him as he talked to reporters, just so he wouldn't look quite so unattractively guy-bound.)

The next morning, Thursday, a conference call was set up. A member of Biden's staff, special counsel Cynthia Hogan, led the questioning as seven other aides, Republican and Democratic, listened in via speaker. The interview lasted nearly two hours.

Wright had been hired by Thomas as director of public affairs in 1984. This was a political appointment, not a civil-service job, meaning she could be hired and fired at the chairman's discretion. During the year Wright worked for Thomas, she had daily contact with him. She matter-of-factly depicts him as an obsessive, meanspirited bully. Here are the key points of her testimony:

> HOGAN: Were there comments that he made to you that maybe you considered inappropriate?
> WRIGHT: Yes....There were several comments that he made. Clarence Thomas did consistently pressure me to date him. At one point, Clarence Thomas made comments about my anatomy. Clarence Thomas made comments about women's anatomy quite often. At one point, Clarence Thomas came by my apartment at night, unannounced and uninvited, and talked [about] the prospect of my dating him.

After this powerfully unattractive portrait, Hogan asked Wright for specific recollections. "I cannot sit here and tell you I remember dates," Wright said. "What I can tell you is that this is a general course of action, this is an attitude and these are comments Clarence Thomas has generally tended to make." She said he would say something once every four or five times they met. Wright did have one precise memory, however: "I can remember specifically one evening when the comment of dating came up.... The EEOC was having a retirement party for my predecessor.... Clarence Thomas was sitting right next to me...and he said, 'You look good,' and 'You are going to be dating me' too."

Hogan and Terry Wooten, an aide to Senator Thurmond, pressed her to remember specifics.

> WRIGHT: In general, given the opportunity, Clarence Thomas would say to me, you know, "You need to be dating me, I think I'm going to date you, you're one of the finest women I have on my staff....We're going to be going out eventually."
> HOGAN: And what do you mean by "given the opportunity"?
> WRIGHT: If there was nobody else around or we were close enough that he could turn around and whisper something of that nature.

Wright went on to discuss the night Thomas had shown up unannounced at her apartment, where he had repeatedly turned the conversation to the prospect of their dating. She also testified that at an EEOC seminar, "Clarence Thomas commented on the dress I was wearing and asked me what size my boobs were." She said that other women at the EEOC had told her Thomas wanted to date them, and that he made comments about women's bodies. "He often said, 'I've got some fine women on my staff.'...I remember specifically him saying one woman had a big ass."

Could Wright recall which co-workers she had spoken to? She mentioned one by name: Phyllis Berry Myers, a Thomas aide who the following Sunday would join three other Thomas supporters in praising his character before the committee.

> HOGAN: What was her reaction?
> WRIGHT: Well, I—I can almost quote her, as a matter of fact: "Well, he's a man, you know, he's always hitting on everybody."

(It should be noted that Myers denies having said that.) Hogan then asked Wright to discuss her departure from the EEOC. "Clarence Thomas fired me," she said. "I came into my office one day and there was a letter in my chair, and I opened that letter and it said, 'Your services here are no longer needed.'" Wright said she'd confronted Thomas and he'd told her he'd never been satisfied with her work. She'd asked him why he hadn't talked to her before, and he'd replied that he had told her to fire people in her department and she hadn't obeyed. Wright had pointed out that they were civil-service employees: "It takes almost an act of Congress to get them removed," she'd said. Then Biden's aide Hogan posed a key, direct question; unfortunately, she didn't press Wright for a direct answer:

> HOGAN: Do you think that your failure to respond to any of Judge Thomas's comments to you had anything to do with him firing you?
> WRIGHT: You are not the first person who has asked me that question. Several people at EEOC asked me that....
> HOGAN: Are there any other specific comments that Judge Thomas told you at any time that you want to tell us?
> WRIGHT: He did tell me at one point... when I asked him about why he was firing me that he was real bothered by the fact that I did not wait for him outside his office after work.

Under questioning from Thurmond's man Wooten, Wright raised a final point

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about her dismissal. "Judge Thomas gave me a wonderful recommendation when I took my current job," she said. Then she tried to distinguish between being sexually harassed as the law defines it and feeling harassed, personally, by Thomas's actions.

WRIGHT: I want you to understand that I am not sitting here saying...that I was sexually harassed by Clarence Thomas. I am a very strong-willed person, and at no point did I feel intimidated by him....

HOGAN: Do you mean *sexually harassed* in a legal sense?

WRIGHT: What Clarence Thomas did fit the legal definition [of sexual harassment]....His actions fit the criteria. But was I intimidated to the point where I felt like filing a sexual-harassment suit? No.

"I LIKE MISSISSIPPI," THOMAS WAS QUOTED IN THE RECORD. "THEY STILL SELL THOSE LITTLE PICKANINNY DOLLS DOWN THERE. I BOUGHT ME A FEW OF THEM."

Wooten later asked Wright how she felt when Thomas was nominated. "I never wavered in my feelings about that," Wright replied. "I don't think Clarence Thomas is a good man, and I did not think he should be on the Supreme Court." In explanation, she cited "unbecoming" remarks she'd heard Thomas make at staff meetings. "One of the staff members [said he] felt pretty intimidated in Mississippi," she recalled. "I remember Clarence sitting there...in his chair with a big cigar in his mouth and saying, 'I have no problem with Mississippi. You know why I like Mississippi? Because they still sell those little pickaninny dolls down there. And I bought me a few of them, too.'"

Wooten asked Wright a general question about "the thrust of [her] concerns about Judge Thomas." "The thrust of my concerns at this point," she replied, "was not to watch a woman who I believe in my gut to be telling the truth about a man who I believe to be totally capable of doing what she said he did...become victimized, when I know of similar situations that I had had with Mr. Thomas."

After transcripts of the interview were distributed, the White House, recognizing the potential for damage, strongly objected to calling Wright to testify. But Senator Howard Metzenbaum, the liberal Democrat, insisted that a subpoena be issued, which seemed to ensure that she would be called. Thomas's backers would have to find a way to rebut her, but first things first: Anita Hill would testify the next day, and the Republicans had to focus on discrediting *her*. They were not taking that task lightly. After Hill's press conference on Monday, a Republican Senate aide recalls, "I remember Senator Simpson turned to my boss and said"—*in the spirit of a full and open inquiry*—"'It's gonna be hard to shake that lady.'"

On Friday and Saturday, Hill and Thomas testified. Both were forceful and convincing speakers, but Thomas's strong performance made it hard to vote against him unless Hill's allegations were corroborated. That, of course, was the threat posed by Angela Wright's testimony. So, even as the Republicans had to focus on undermining Hill—painting her as insincere, ambitious, dangerous, a fantasist, a perjurer, a tool of special interests, an egotist, a lesbian, *a devil woman!*—they had to deal with Wright.

First they stymied an attempt to call Wright on Saturday. The White House told Biden that if he called Wright, President Bush would hold a press conference, flanked by Thomas and his chief senatorial backer, John Danforth, and single Biden out for blame in terminating this nomination of a black man. When Republican senators subsequently squawked that the FBI hadn't interviewed Wright, a violation of procedure, Biden was content to send the agents to see her, keeping Wright off the stand that day.

At the same time, the Republicans tried to undermine Wright's credibility. The White House got in touch with Phyllis Berry Myers, who had been Thomas's director of congressional affairs. Myers had already established herself as a quotable if dubious source when she told reporters that Hill's charges were simply the revenge of a spurned woman. Anita had had a crush on Clarence and it wasn't reciprocated, Myers had asserted. Her proof? *Logic:* Anita Hill always thought she deserved the best of everything.

The White House urged reporters to seek Myers's views on Angela Wright as well. Myers said Thomas had fired Wright for

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"her poor handling of a press conference." Oh, and she had heard this one other thing—that Wright was so rude to an EEOC commissioner at a press conference once that the commissioner smacked her.

Meanwhile, at the hearing, the senators belittled Wright. Orrin Hatch was so disdainful of her that he tangled himself in his own sneers, calling her "this so-called Angela Wright." Alan Simpson happily helped Thomas paint her as vengeful and dishonest.

SIMPSON: Angela Wright will soon be with us—we think. But now we're told that Angela Wright has what we used to call in the legal trade "cold feet." Now...what are we to determine about Angela Wright? Did you fire her?

THOMAS: I summarily dismissed her....The straw that broke the camel's back was a report to me from one of the members of my staff that she referred to another male member of my staff as a faggot.

Neither Myers's nor Thomas's account of Wright's dismissal holds up. After Myers's improbable slapping story was reported in the press, three former EEOC employees attempted to reach the committee to refute it. They were bounced among Biden, Hatch, Thurmond and Heflin aides, with no one formally taking their statements. *The New York Times* reported that *The Charlotte Observer* had called Thomas as part of a background check of Wright and that he himself had given her a glowing recommendation. Wright flatly denies Thomas's story that any slur was involved in her firing, and she was furious that no senator challenged him on that point. "It is an absolute lie," she told SPY. "I can't imagine why he would accuse me of that, except that he figured it would scare the senators on the committee very badly."

YOU'VE ALWAYS HATED THOMAS, SENATOR SIMPSON SAID TO SENATOR BIDEN. EVERYONE KNOWS YOU HAVE SOME VENDETTA. SOON AFTER, BIDEN BACKED DOWN.

And at that moment on Saturday afternoon when Alan Simpson was accusing her of having cold feet, Wright was, in fact, in her Washington hotel room talking to members of Biden's staff on the phone, asking them to schedule her to testify—the sooner the better.

After Wright's interview on Thursday, she provided Biden's staff with the names of several women who she said could confirm her testimony. Only a single call was placed to each. On Friday, one of them called back. Rose Jordain apologized for not being prompt, but she was recuperating from surgery and hadn't been well enough to talk. Yes, she knew something of Angela Wright's relationship with Clarence Thomas. Yes, she would be willing to testify. And so on Sunday afternoon, six members of the Judiciary Committee staff took her sworn testimony—or, as we shall see, what started out as her sworn testimony—over the telephone.

MARY DEOREO, *of Senator Biden's staff*: Did Ms. Wright ever discuss with you any concerns or problems she was having in her encounters with Judge Thomas?

JORDAIN: She confided to me increasingly that she was...uneasy with the chairman because of comments she told me he was making about her figure, her body, her breasts, her legs, how she looked in certain suits or dresses.

DEOREO: Did she recount any specific experiences?

JORDAIN: She told me he had come to her home one night unannounced....One time she came into my office in tears, said she had bought a new suit that I thought was quite attractive—it was just a regular suit for a person to wear to work, a woman to wear to work—and he had evidently quite a bit of comment to make about it and how sexy she looked in it and that kind of thing, and it unnerved her a great deal. She became increasingly nervous about being in his presence alone. As time went on, he asked her to have a meeting with him that was going to be a one-on-one meeting...scheduled at the end of the workday. And she was increasingly uneasy about being there and would say, "Why don't you wait for me?" and..."I really don't want to be there that long or alone with him."

TRIS COFFIN, *of Senator Patrick Leahy's staff*: Can you give us a little more detail about these conversations?...

JORDAIN: I think it had something to do

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with, "Ooh, you have very sexy legs," or something like, "You have hair on your legs, and it turns me on," or something like that. I thought it was nutty, you know what I mean? It was that, but it was very unnerving to a young woman who is sitting there hearing this, you know? Then there was a conversation about her bra size, and there was a conversation about a dress she wore. I don't know why that was a dress to be commented on. It wasn't a skintight knit-type dress....

BARRY CALDWELL, *of Senator Arlen Specter's staff*: Why [is] Ms. Wright coming forward?

JORDAIN: I absolutely believe that she heard this young black woman on the television being raked over the coals—as though this experience she was having was completely impossible, and...[as though] a person in Clarence Thomas's position, black or white, would not have done this...and [since she'd] had a similar experience, I believe Angela would have felt it her...duty to go on the record saying that.

When the interview was over, a curious decision was reached. The testimony had been given under oath, meaning it would become part of the public record and be released to the press whether or not Jordain ever went on television. But for some reason, Biden's aide Mark Schwartz stopped that from happening.

"You have given a sworn statement," Schwartz, claiming to speak for all the aides present, said to Jordain, who was not accompanied by a lawyer. "You should realize that...if there were later found to be a contradiction, that could have legal consequences against you similar to perjury." He then asked Jordain if she would like to "take back [the] sworn part" of her testimony. He again mentioned perjury. Finally, Schwartz told Jordain that no one else had given testimony under oath. "If no one else has given it, then I won't give it, either," she replied, and Schwartz immediately ordered her testimony struck from the record. Still, Jordain was skeptical, and she made it clear to the committee that she was fully prepared to make a sworn statement. The interview ended Sunday at 3:08 p.m. There was still plenty of time to hear from both Wright and Jordain before the end of the day—the deadline for testimony by supporters. Biden's aide DeOreo told Jordain to be ready. Apparently, DeOreo didn't anticipate that her boss would help the Republicans run out the clock.

The Jordain testimony had its expected impact. Aides to Metzenbaum, Kennedy and Leahy gleefully passed their bosses notes as they sat listening to witnesses. On the other side, aides to Simpson and Specter glumly repeated Jordain's tale to Duberstein and Gray; one aide imagined the sight of Jordain teetering to the table would be "like *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*." Gray issued one command: *Keep that woman off the stand.*

Between four and five o'clock, after the pro-Hill panel that had spoken all afternoon wrapped up its testimony, the committee took a break and met privately to determine what would happen next. The Republicans objected strenuously to calling Wright but seemed not to have any real arguments, until one of them—a person in the room remembers it was Specter—realized that Jordain hadn't been interviewed by the FBI. Now, it would have been entirely permissible for the chairman to waive the rules, particularly given the deadline, but the Republican members were insistent. Finally, as one participant recalls, Simpson played his ace. *You've always hated Clarence Thomas, Joe*, he said to Biden. *Everyone knows you have some sort of vendetta, some personal animosity. No one knows why, whether it's racial or what.* Not long after that, Biden, agitated and confused, backed down and ordered the staff to send some FBI agents to see Jordain.

In return, the Republicans agreed to limit the statements of the next panel—a group of four Thomas character witnesses—to five minutes apiece. That limit lasted about five minutes. With Biden out of the room, Kennedy tried to cut off the first speaker at the five-minute mark. Thurmond and other Republicans complained that five minutes had been merely a *suggested* limit. At that moment, with America unaware of what was at stake behind this clownish haggling, Biden returned, took the chair and offered the pro-Thomas witnesses as much time as they wanted.

They would testify for more than four hours. Witness J. C. Alvarez would introduce herself to America as a hardworking, financially strapped single mom so horrified by this travesty that she'd paid her own way to Washington. No senator would point out, as Sidney Blumenthal noted in *The New Republic* a month later, that after leaving the EEOC, Alvarez had become the well-paid director of communications for a large corporation. Witness Phyllis Berry Myers would testify that she had acted as Thomas's gatekeeper, his "political eyes and ears." No questioner would note what a number of former EEOC employees pointed out: that Myers was known to loiter in bathroom stalls in order to hear who was bad-mouthing the chairman. "[Phyllis] was young and crazy about Clarence Thomas...very jealous," one former EEOC worker told SPY. "Always running to *(continued on page 50)*

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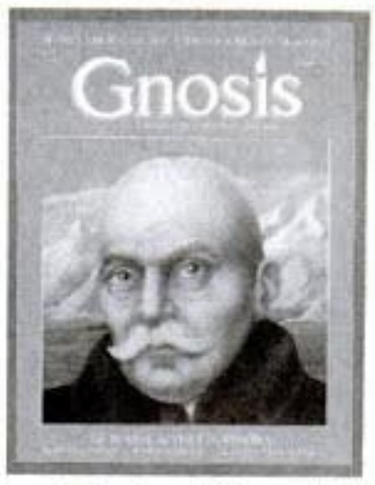
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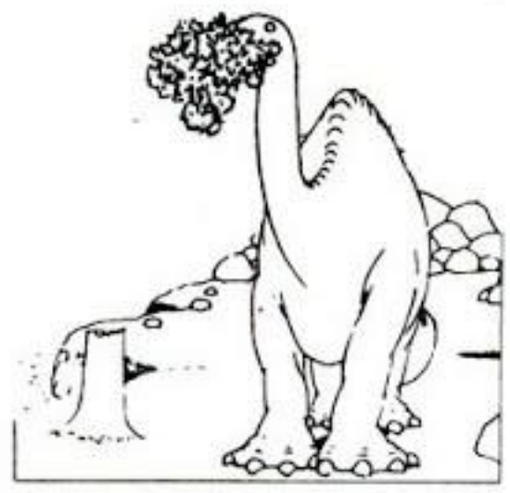
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(continued from page 47) him with some piece of crazy-ass gossip as a way of getting his attention. She was silly about Angela Wright. Phyllis thought Angela got attention because she had curves. Mr. Thomas likes that."

Instead, America heard Senator Grassley waste 20 minutes discussing lynching with historian Nancy Fitch. And it heard Biden joke back and forth with Simpson about whether the "scorned woman" quote had originated with Shakespeare or Congreve. Still, when that panel ended, it was not yet eleven. Despite the de facto filibuster, there was still time to hear from Wright and Jordain.

It didn't happen. The committee again broke and went into caucus. When it reconvened, Biden called yet another panel of pro-Thomas witnesses, the one featuring the infamous John Doggett. It's not clear whether the decision not to call Wright and Jordain was made by the Democrats as a group or by Biden alone, but at least one participant, Simpson's press aide Stan Cannon, recalls that the Republican senators had little to do with it. Cannon says the Republicans were caucusing; Biden, who had a serious backlog of witnesses, informed them that "Wright and Jordain were not insisting on testifying" and that their testimony would simply be entered into the record.

BIDEN'S AIDE PHONED WRIGHT. THE COMMITTEE HAD DECIDED NOT TO CALL HER OR JORDAIN, SHE SAID. THERE JUST WASN'T ENOUGH TIME.

If this account of the chairman's explanation is true, then Biden was lying to both his colleagues and the witnesses. Sometime between eleven and eleven-thirty, about the time the hearings resumed, Cynthia Hogan telephoned Wright's attorney. The committee had decided not to call Wright or Jordain, she announced. *Darn it—there just wasn't enough time.* They had to hear another pro-Thomas group after Doggett and company. That would mean Wright and Jordain wouldn't be able to come on till 4:00 a.m., and the senators were afraid that would imperil Jordain's fragile health.

Is Jordain willing to testify?, Wright's lawyer demanded. Yes, Hogan replied nervously, but there was just no time. She offered a compromise: Wright's and Jordain's interviews would be entered into the record without rebuttal. That meant they would be circulated to the media. Wright, exhausted and exasperated, agreed, figuring that more people would read her statements than would hear her at four in the morning. Unfortunately, copies weren't distributed until three. Too late to make the morning-paper deadlines, her testimony essentially disappeared.

Soon after Hogan hung up, Biden interrupted the hearings to announce that Wright and Jordain would not testify. "It is my preference that you testify," he self-servingly and dishonestly said, reading from a letter he faxed to Wright after the fact. "If you want to testify at the hearing in person, I will honor that request."

Jordain's testimony was to be distributed as well. But when questioned by SPY, key staff members of senators not on the committee insisted they had never heard of Rose Jordain and had never seen her testimony.

Today, if you inquire at the Federal News Service, which maintains the official transcript of the hearings, you will find that there is no record of Jordain's interview.

SPY called most of the Democratic senators to ask what led to the decision not to call Wright and Jordain. Aides to each referred us to Biden's office. On our first call there, Cynthia Hogan confirmed that there had been plenty of chances for the women to speak. "Yes, they wanted to testify," she said. "The chairman decided not to call them. I've got a meeting now. I'm out the door. I'll call you back." She didn't, nor did she return subsequent calls. Biden's Mark Schwartz didn't call back, either. A Judiciary Committee aide finally said that aide David Lavallee had been designated to handle calls on the Thomas hearings. Subsequent calls found him "in meetings," "in hearings," "in the bathroom" and "out of the building, and we don't know when he's coming back."

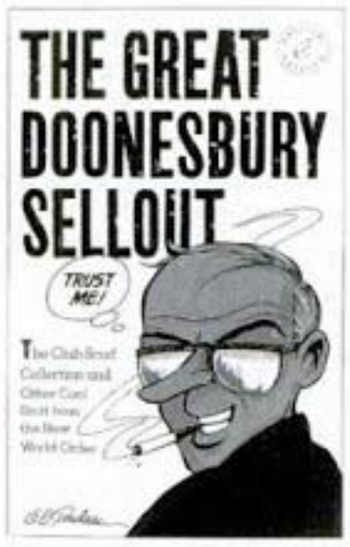
In the aftermath of the Thomas hearings, *The Washington Post* ran no stories on Wright or Jordain. *The New York Times* assigned a team of reporters, including the highly regarded Joel Brinkley and Jeff Gerth, to dig into the inconsistencies and loose ends. After two weeks of work, the project was dropped, and no story appeared in the *Times*. On October 23, Clarence Thomas took his seat on the Supreme Court.

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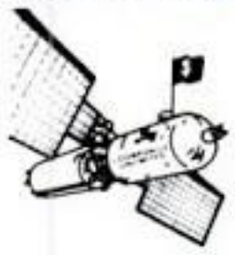
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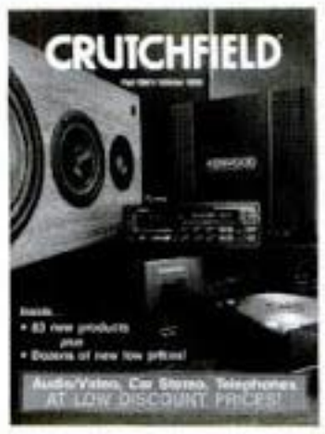
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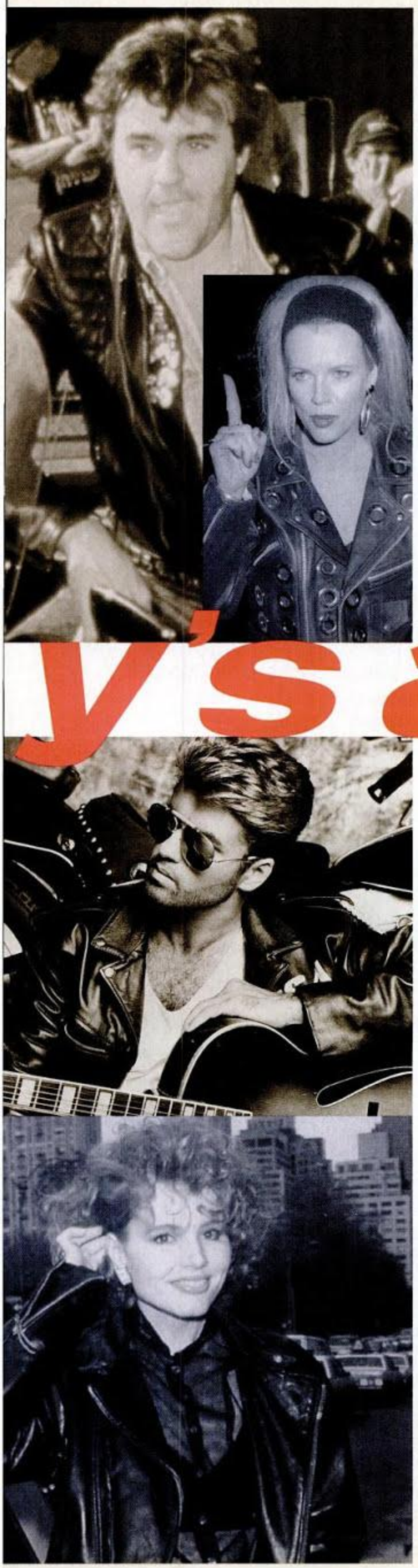
You'll find more than just a listing of stereo equipment in the **CRUTCHFIELD** catalog. It's over 100 pages packed with color photos, full product descriptions, exclusive comparison charts, consumer tips and wallet-friendly discount prices. See the latest in stereos and video equipment from Sony, Kenwood, Bose, Infinity and many others. Car stereos, telephones and security products, too. $1 never brought you so much.

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ORDER FORM ON PAGE 49

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Everybod



Are you a rebel? Do you own a black leather motorcycle jacket even though you always take cabs? Do you swoon over any light-beer ad featuring a mysterious loner in mirrored sunglasses and battered cowboy boots, or any movie campaign pushing an antihero who's "not your ordinary cop/private eye/fighter pilot"? Do your pheromones sizzle from compact cars or heavy-metal albums or after-shaves whose names include the words *outlaw, renegade,*

y's a Rebel

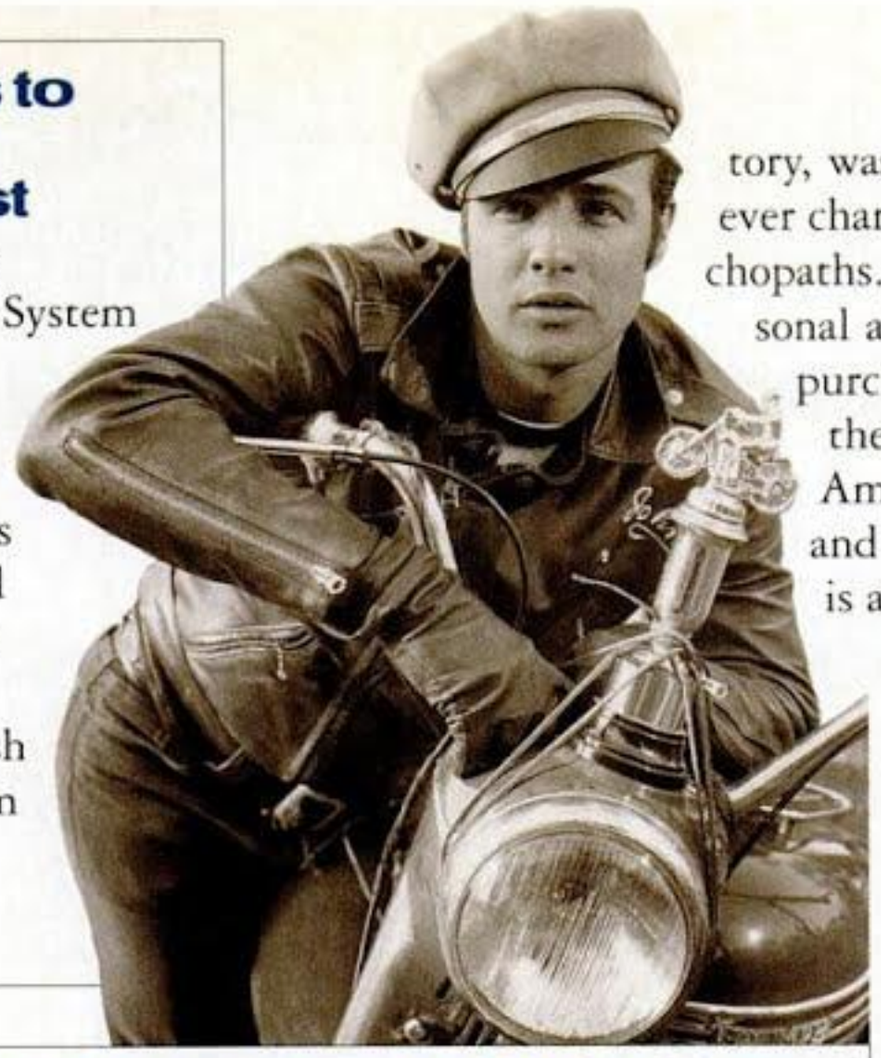
maverick, bad boy, savage, sauvage, streetwise or any verb with the *g* dropped off? If you have answered "Yes" or "Damn straight" or even "Yo" to any of these questions, then you certainly do march to a different drummer. You make your own rules.

REBELS OF THEIR TAX BRACKET ***Clockwise from top left:*** **Sly Stallone, Laura Dern and Renny Harlin, Christian Slater and Richard Grieco, Madonna, Jay Leno, Kim Basinger, George Michael, Geena Davis, Claus von Bülow in *Vanity Fair*, Mickey Rourke and Don Johnson, Drew Barrymore, the late Malcolm Forbes, and Billy Idol**

You push the envelope, rather than just licking it. You're a rebel—just like Cher. IN THE DISTANT PAST, rebels were often individuals of both defiance and accomplishment. Examples might include the rakish Lord Byron, the pioneering Galileo or, for instance, Jesus. Merely aberrant antisocial behavior, while it might assure someone a shiver in his-

by Paul Rudnick

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Things to Rebel Against

the System
the fuckin' System
the Establishment
the Man
helmet laws
gun control
the rat race
the pigs
fuckin' Bush
the William Morris Agency

Landmarks in *Faux* Rebellion

Bob Dylan switches from acoustic to electric guitar.
Faye Dunaway announces she's not wearing makeup during the filming of *Barfly*.
Richard Gere is cast as a romantic criminal in the remake of *Breathless*.
Ann-Margret, age 50, rides a Harley onstage at Radio City Music Hall.
Andrew Dice Clay weeps as he expresses sincere appreciation for his career on *Arsenio*.
Chastity Bono gets a $30,000 customized Harley from her mom, Cher, for Christmas (what did 15-year-old Elijah Blue get, a couple of hookers?).



tory, was condemned: Caligula, Rasputin and Vlad the Impaler, however charismatic, were emulated in their own times only by fellow psychopaths. Only in America has the rebel been exalted regardless of personal achievement: Attitude is everything, and attitude can be easily purchased. Americans have grown so complacent and so bored by their own docility that they ache for the forbidden, and being Americans, they are satisfied with sunglasses, industrial zippers and the occasional middle finger flashed at the driver of a car that is already out of sight.

Lately, whenever someone claims to be a rebel, it is fairly certain that he's a corporate attorney with a second mortgage and a couple of kids in Dalton or therapy or both. Baby-boomers fear becoming as safe and stolid as their parents, causing a near-epidemic of faked and boasted rebellion. Today's rebel sports a tepid three-inch ponytail as his shocking protest against (and apology for) his VP status at Saatchi & Saatchi; the ponytail may even be a detachable polymer model for weekend and after-six swagger. Intentionally inefficient razors are sold that allow even a Larchmont pediatrician to retain a dusting of back-roads stubble. Sideburns, bad-girl black eyeliner and hot-air-balloon bungee-cord jumping are popular, especially among wild and crazy M.B.A.'s. Jay Weiss, the wealthy realtor husband of Kathleen Turner, has been known to strum his Stratocaster in a bar band while the wife sings along in cowboy boots and *Tootsie* glasses. Even Rod Stewart, Bowie and Jagger—the real things, rebelwise—all cling to their rowdy-guy leathers despite their elder-statesmen credentials and the fact that anonymous younger studs are hired to tongue the babes in their videos.

The more humdrum rebel might daringly leap the turnstile on his journey to Wall Street, his Mark Cross attaché case grazing the token slot as his lower back gives out. His female counterpart might conceal a naughty Victoria's Secret garter belt beneath her tenured gabardine, or she and her husband might toke up after the kids are safely stowed, as they dial in their TV-infomercial order for the Time-Life *Rock 'n' Roll Era* CDs. Latter-day rebels respond to "Born to Be Wild" and "Wild Thing" on the soundtracks of peanut-butter ads. They consider attending a Spike Lee or Gus Van Sant film to be the equivalent of making one; to them, even nibbling organically grown cracked-wheat muffins can become a gauntlet hurled before the Big Food Establishment.



TODAY'S REBEL SPORTS A TEPID THREE-INCH PONYTAIL AS HIS SHOCKING PROTEST AGAINST (AND APOLOGY FOR) HIS VP STATUS AT SAATCHI & SAATCHI; IT MAY EVEN BE A DETACHABLE POLYMER MODEL

Rebel Adjectives

moody
proud
brooding
hot-tempered
untamed
drunk
short



The words "What can I say? I'm a rebel," usually spoken to an interviewer, are most often a euphemism, an all-purpose face-saver for any number of itchy and potentially embarrassing scenarios. You got canned? It must be because you're the office rebel, certainly not because profits plummeted in your division. Your auteur effort got slammed by the critics? Clearly they're just too numbingly conventional-minded to appre-

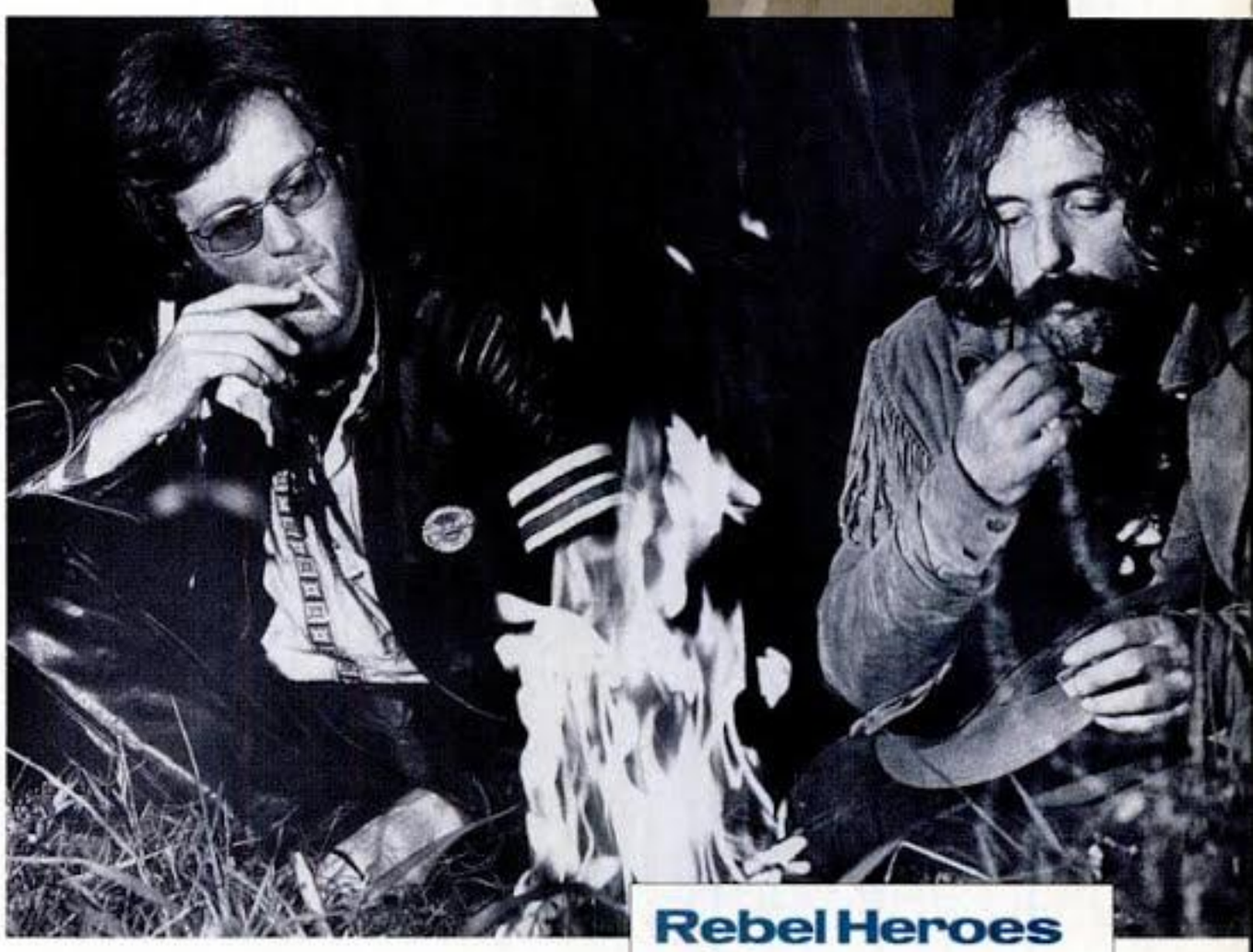
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ciate the raging Oliver Stone–style insight of a maverick like yourself. Everyone in your car pool despises you? Well, they're all a bunch of button-down, line-toeing fascists, while you've got your eye on a distant horizon, you think for yourself, you're a...*you know*.

Biker Chicks
Kelly Bundy
Lita Ford
Carré Otis
Daisy Duke
Cher
Patti Hansen



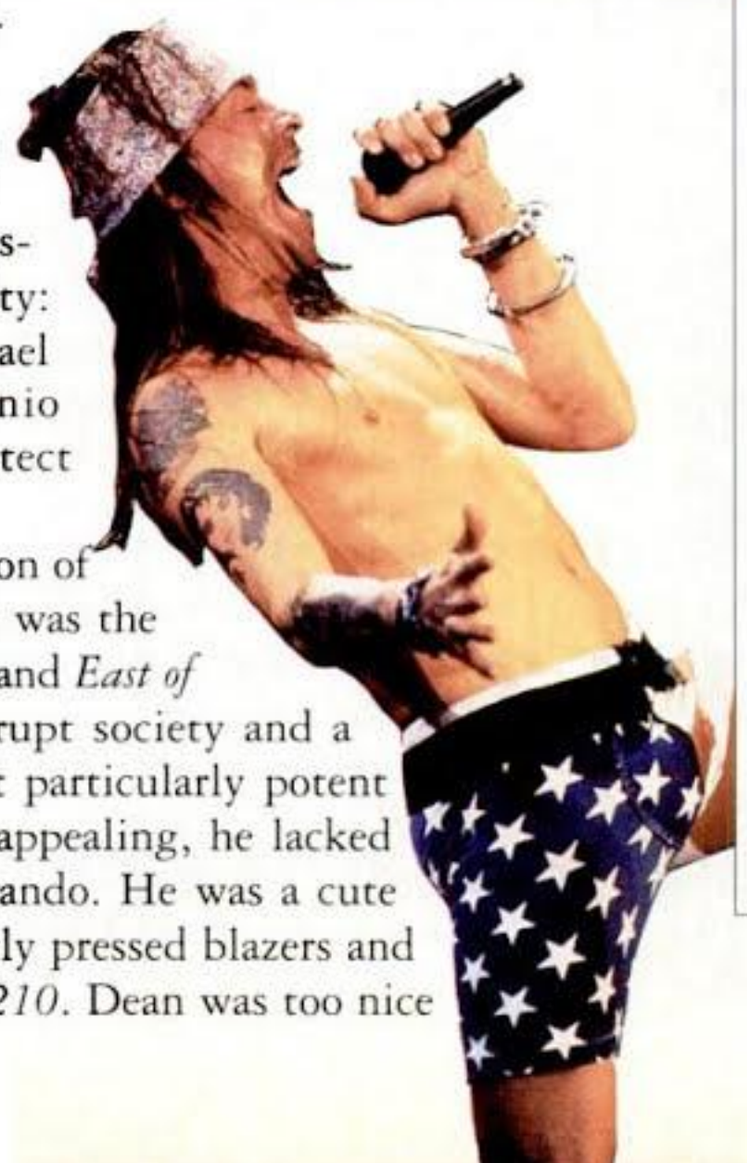
The more cozily bourgeois a culture becomes, the more its citizenry admires the wary iconoclast, the individual with an "attitude problem," the bad boy. Oppressive decency reached its Levittown peak in the 1950s; sex, tight clothing, speed and hair were verboten, or at least constricted. It was an era of panty girdles, placid family barbecues and straight A's. Prosperity was rampant, and poor manners were considered a symptom of emotional and actual poverty; the only folks indulging in French-kissing, tattooing and drag racing were from the wrong side of the tracks. They were pitied and scorned as white trash, the underprivileged or worse; they were not rebels but riffraff. The poor can never really be rebels, at least not in any fashionable sense; only the upper classes can elevate indecency into style, into rebel chic. In the 1950s there was a surfeit of well-fed, restless teens willing to enjoy their parents' largess while spurning their aprons and cardigans. These suburban young people, precursors of today's mall rats, were ripe for Marlon Brando in 1954's *The Wild One*, and for the brief oeuvre of James Dean. Dreamily doodling in their notebook margins, they yearned for a new place to shop, for outfits and anger.



Brando's Wild One led a motorcycle gang that terrorized a small town (with heinous acts such as stealing soda pop). The film is remembered almost entirely for Brando's leather cap and jacket, his Triumph and his response to the question, "What are you rebelling against?" Brando smirked winningly and replied, "What have you got?," and a merchandising bonanza was born. To this day, the biker remains an unflagging symbol of sultry heedlessness, of up-yours panache. Today, Chanel sells $4,800 biker jackets to wear with evening gowns, and teensy leathers are available for newborns to raise hell. There is a Harley-Davidson boutique in Bloomingdale's, and the Harley mail-order catalog offers such gritty send-fors as logo-emblazoned boxer shorts, cologne and collector's plates.

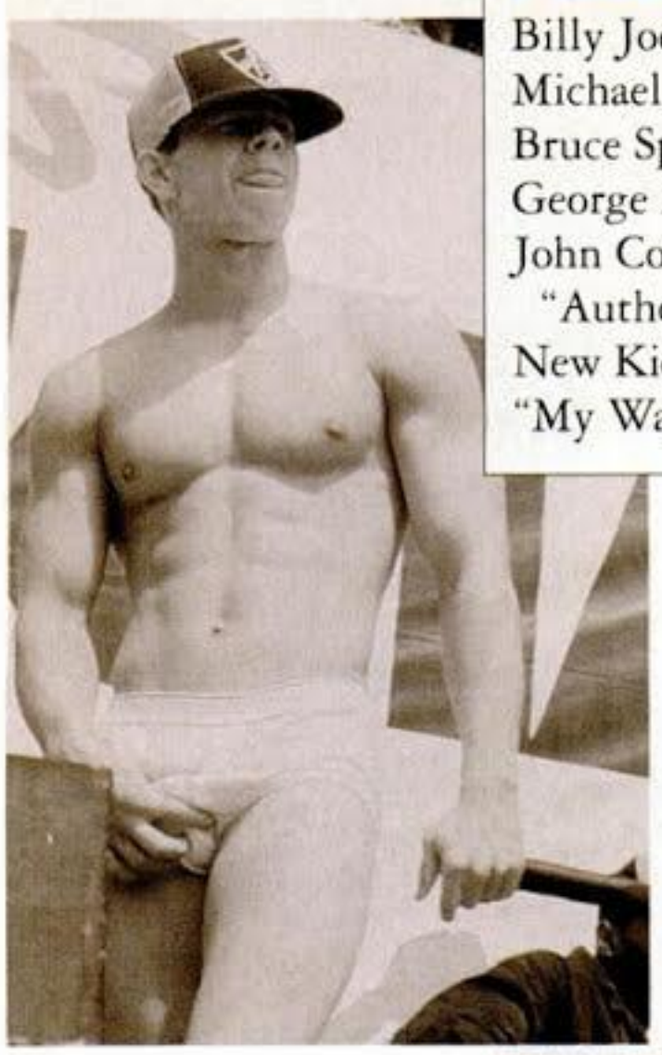
Madonna owns a much-photographed closetful of leather jackets—one for each broken commandment—and celebrities as disparate as Liz Taylor and Claus von Bülow have posed for magazines in the classic Wild One snaps and buckles. The jacket was originally worn for protection, but this practical aspect has little to do with its unremitting popularity: Has anyone seen the bad (and now dangerous) Michael Jackson astride a chopper lately? What do Arsenio Hall's pristine, rainbow-hued couture leathers protect him from, besides the perils of good taste?

Rebel Heroes
Rabelais
Billy the Kid
Jack Kerouac
Neal Cassady
Gregg Allman
Jim Morrison
Ned Kelly
the James Gang
Guns n' Roses, before detox and therapy
Keith Richards, before detox and marriage
Dennis Hopper, because detox, therapy and marriage seem to have had no effect



James Dean embodied a more suburb-bound version of the rebel—the too-sensitive, misunderstood kid. This was the sweet, inarticulate adolescent of *Rebel Without a Cause* and *East of Eden*, a well-intentioned, soulful lad abused by corrupt society and a dysfunctional family. Dean's legacy as a rebel is not particularly potent for a simple reason: He wore windbreakers. While appealing, he lacked the sexual threat and nihilistic self-confidence of Brando. He was a cute crybaby, and his pale Xerox can be found in the neatly pressed blazers and pastel T-shirts of Jason Priestley on *Beverly Hills, 90210*. Dean was too nice

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Faux-Rebel Anthems

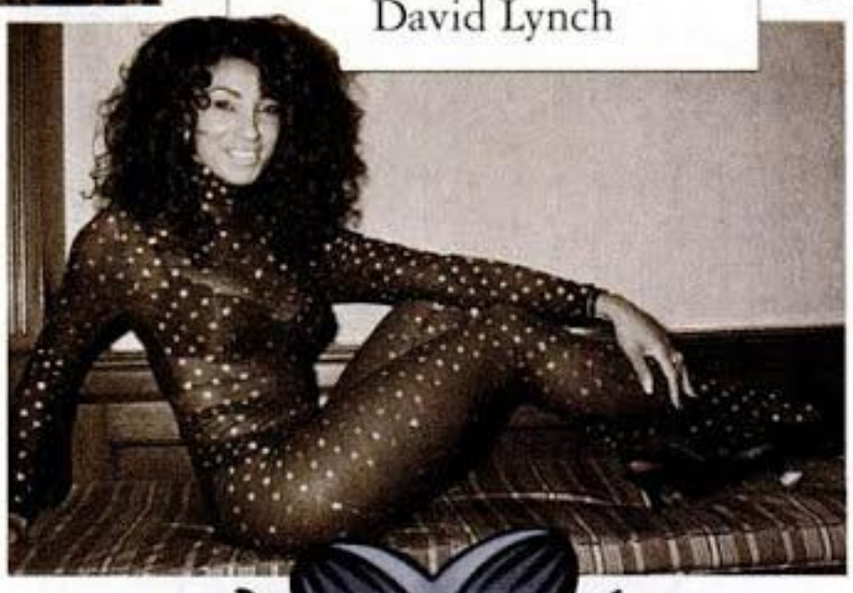
Billy Joel's "Only the Good Die Young"
Michael Jackson's "Bad"
Bruce Springsteen's "Born to Run"
George Michael's "Freedom 90"
John Cougar Mellencamp's "Authority Song"
New Kids on the Block's "Hangin' Tough"
"My Way"

Think They're Rebels? Think Again

rock critics
veejays
Bono
T. Coraghessan Boyle
David Lynch

Lunatic Rebels

black Republicans
black gay Republicans
Jews for Jesus
Phyllis Schlafly







Rebel Lit

Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance
Helter Skelter
Guns & Ammo
Garfield paperbacks ("He's really comical, dude")

to be a full-bore rebel; he was more the troubled dream date of the girls in black leotards and corduroy jumpers who edited the high school literary magazine. But the Brando-clone rebel continues to rule, as the pose entails little thought and lots of heavy breathing. Priestley's Boy Scout agonies fade beside the killer sideburns of Luke Perry, *90210*'s resident biker–recovering alcoholic. Dean needed love and maybe someone to talk to, while rebels need nothing, which is far more erotic.

Elvis combined the trademark facial expression of the rebel (insolent sneer) with the harmlessness of James Dean; he was the first manufactured rebel, a nice boy in leather, wholly nontoxic. Elvis loved his mom and served his country and his president. In the early days, his swiveling pelvis did direct a low-down rebuke to the fatherly ilk of Bing Crosby, but his outlaw status was short-lived. In the hands of canny managers, Elvis became denatured, wholesome and mainstream, and America required a new spokesperson for rebellion. Peter Fonda got the job.

Fonda, in *Easy Rider* and *The Wild Angels,* restored the outsider allure to black leather by adding a layer of frayed denim and an Old Glory–painted helmet. He epitomized the hippie biker, with shaggy locks and a stash. Unstyled, unconditioned long hair, preferably parted Savior-style down the middle, became a rebellion against Elvis's doo-wop Brylcreem *and* the pixie mop-tops of the Beatles. The hippie biker often had a Dixie tinge—a Johnny Reb cap or Confederate flag that signified his oneness with those who'd rebelled against Abe Lincoln.

Nonbiker hippies and other heartfelt sixties activists were not really rebels in the Brando sense, as their protests often had a point. They rejected cultural norms like warmongering and segregation; their tie-dye and fringe were badges of moral change rather than just coolness. Hippie bikers were more into stoned, laissez-faire contentment; in many ways, they were simply more comatose, more accepting rednecks. They were macho hippies, protesting schooling, sobriety and monogamy.

Both Brando and the hippie biker were outcasts, but they were still imperfect rebels, as they couldn't really make a decent living at it. This obvious flaw was corrected with the appearance of the rock star, allowing the rebel finally to claim his tasty chunk of the American Dream. The rock star is simply the rebel as entrepreneur.

Punk represented only a minor subset of rock-star rebellion. In England,

Where to Wear Your Bandanna and What It Means

1. Over your head, for an Aunt-Jemima-do-rag-meets-Bruce-Weber look: This means either that you're bald or that you've run out of Revitalizing Finishing Rinse.
2. Around your neck: This is a Sam Shepard–James Taylor neo-ranch-hand idea, implying Montana pickup-truck studsmanship.
3. Around your dog's neck: Same as No. 2.
4. Around ankle of boot: This is said to denote heroin addiction.
5. Around upper thigh: This indicates either that you've been shot in the leg and require a tourniquet or that you're the bride at a biker wedding.

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punk was a violent, grass-roots response to unemployment, while in America it was, of course, a matter of pure image, a profitable revulsion at the laid-back, granola-and-linen ease of beagle-eyed seventies troubadours like Jackson Browne and the Eagles. Punk literally deconstructed the leather jacket, hacking it to pieces and lacing it back together with safety pins and spit—all courtesy of Dad's gold card. As a conceit of cultivated scuzziness and pallor, punk did not endure in the States; the movement's deliberate zits and picked scabs weren't sufficiently cute emblems of rebellion. In the early 1980s the classic rock-star mode reasserted itself, and it remains preeminent.

Heavy metal and arena rock provide the contemporary rebel format: expensively split-ended hair, condom-tight leather pants and daggered-skull death-row tattoos acquired while bunking at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Almost all modern rock bands promote themselves as mike-stand-swinging rebels: Axl Rose of Guns n' Roses sings out boldly against immigrants, gays and rock journalists, while Skid Row and Motley Crüe bravely blast women who won't sleep with them. The rebel has become a largely corporate pose, and zillionaire third-generation headbangers are hard-pressed for targets. Dim and foppish, the new, highly leveraged rebel is a Cuban-heeled daffodil straining for menace. Rebels now are imitated only by the mildest-mannered teenage boys, by doofy Bill and Ted and by the only creatures even less dangerous than themselves: movie stars. Mickey Rourke, Sean Penn, even De Niro—these are the bad boys of Bel-Air, the guys "who don't buy into the system," the so-called new breed. Their rebellion consists primarily of giving monosyllabic interviews and playing nearly identical roles in all their films. Rourke's torment is particularly froufrou: He rants against the mindless studios, then appears opposite Don Johnson in *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man*, a failed outlaw-biker flick that reduces rebels to the turbulence of Ninja Turtles. Rourke also boxes semiprofessionally and marauds with a motorcycle pack in southern California, gunning alongside such $6 million desperadoes as Stallone, Willis, Schwarzenegger and their agents.

Real Rebel	*Faux* Rebel
Overthrow fascist regime	Punch paparazzi
Take unpopular stand	Do *Playboy* interview, attack ex-wife
Fight Lincoln	Drive Lincoln
Detonate bomb in diplomat's BMW	Wreck hotel room
Go on hunger strike	Don't wash hair
Flout convention	Go on *Arsenio* and keep sunglasses on
Risk life	Risk stunt double's life



JAMES DEAN WAS TOO NICE TO BE A FULL-BORE REBEL; HE WAS MORE THE TROUBLED DREAM DATE OF THE GIRLS IN BLACK LEOTARDS AND CORDUROY JUMPERS WHO EDITED THE HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE

Rebelliousness attained its ultimate bankruptcy in the momentary rise-and-crumble of Andrew Dice Clay. This comedian packed stadiums, disguising his couch-cowboy bulk in a wardrobe of studded, high-collared, barrel-shaped leathers. His act consisted of—aside from the usual racism, misogyny and homophobia—the breakthrough retelling of nursery rhymes using dirty words. Here was the American rebel: a nice Jewish boy howling *Suck my cock* and echoed by thousands of screaming, mostly male youngsters, performer and mob united in preschool outrage—the Fonz as führer.

Theories of Why France Loves Mickey Rourke

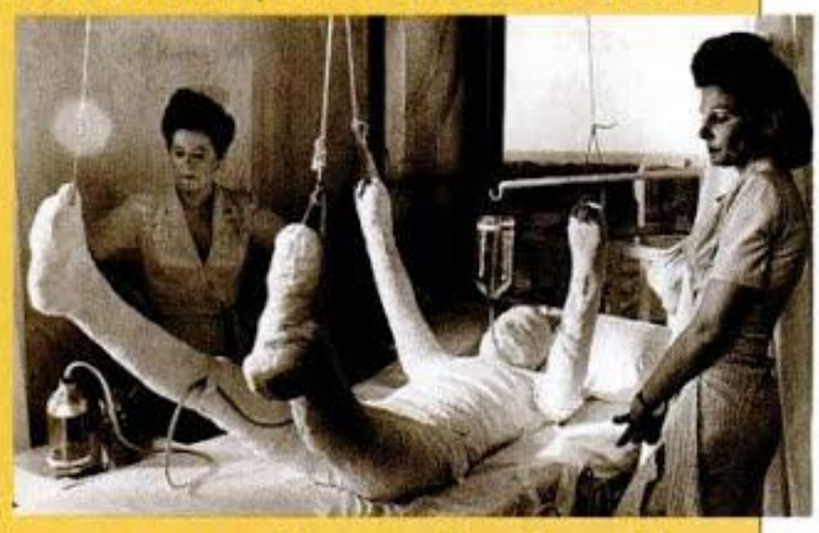
1. They think he's Jerry Lewis's son.
2. They think he's French, because he doesn't bathe.
3. They like anything American named Mickey.

Everyone is a rebel today, from Brian De Palma to Mario Cuomo to Slash to Carl Icahn. *Rebel* is a buzzword meaning "I'm sexy and unreliable, and I want your money." Is true rebellion even possible, after decades of permissiveness, ultragratification and hair extensions? Is there anything left to nobly reject? Rappers made a tidy stab at it; the freshman efforts of NWA and Public Enemy took on racism, police brutality and the drug craze rebels once applauded. Lately, however, many rappers, eager to retain their multiplatinum clout, seek only to shock and whine, reviling those hardy perennials, Jews, gays and gals. White



Doesn't Harley-Davidson Make Training Wheels?

LIKE THE LEATHER JACKET, THE MOTORCYCLE HAS OUTGROWN ITS HUMBLE BEGINNINGS AS AN ITEM OF UTILITY: BIKES ARE NOW FASHION ACCESSORIES, PROPS FOR TEDIOUSLY LONG AD SUPPLEMENTS, AND THE SUBJECTS OF CUSTODY BATTLES. They've inspired charity drives (Harleys for the Homeless!) and preemptive movie-contract clauses (a tradition begun when Warner Bros. forbade Steve McQueen from riding his Triumph to the set of *Bullitt*). But just as the amateur owners of fancy, professional-quality cameras often don't know how to work the things, possessing a bitchin' bike doesn't necessarily mean one knows how to operate it properly. Herewith, a collection of notable motorheads with varying degrees of road competence.



DAN AYKROYD rides a police bike with red lights, siren, and dashboard scanner tuned to police frequencies. He recently hosted a legal-aid benefit for convicted drug trafficker Sandy Alexander, a former Hell's Angels president so cretinous that even the Angels have disowned him. **GARY BUSEY**, an anti-helmet-law lobbyist, sustained temporary brain damage when he crashed his Harley into a curb in 1988. Though he claimed to have been doing 50 mph, a witness said he was cruising at a walking pace. Afterward, Busey told the press he still wouldn't wear a helmet. He was subsequently fired from the film *Cadence* because he couldn't remember his lines. Last seen on talk shows saying he'd reconsidered the helmet thing. **DAVID CROSBY**, the ex-inmate and firearms buff, broke his leg, ankle and shoulder when he lost control on a curve in Encino, California, in 1990. He claimed his new Harley's throttle had stuck open. The late **MALCOLM FORBES**, who at one time owned 72 bikes, once suffered a collapsed lung and a concussion and broke two ribs. Nine days later he felt well enough to crash a balloon. **BILLY IDOL** ran his Harley through an L.A. stop sign and into a car in 1990, breaking his leg and arm. As a result, what was to have been his first major film role (as a roadie in *The Doors*) was greatly reduced. **BILLY JOEL**, who owns two motorcycles, dresses way down when he takes his bikes in to be serviced to assure that he won't be overcharged. (One dealer says he once mistook Joel for a bum and chased him away from a $14,000 BMW.) In 1982, driving his Harley illegally with a learner's permit, Joel collided with a car in Huntington, New York, and fractured his wrist and thumb. **JOHN LARROQUETTE** broke his collarbone in a dirt-biking accident in Malibu in 1991. "He's more embarrassed than hurt," said a spokesperson, who added that some of his *Night Court* wardrobe had to be altered "to hide his wound on the set." **JAY LENO** owns 15 bikes, and his two-garage home is equipped with a motorcycle elevator. Around 1977 he trashed a Honda CBX, and in 1991 he fractured his leg when he made a U-turn and was hit by another motorcyclist. **JUDD NELSON** drives a bike with SCUM painted on it. **MICKEY ROURKE**'s mechanic says Rourke "doesn't care how his Harley runs, as long as it's loud." Other biker qualification: hires men to rough up people who look at his woman. **BROOKE SHIELDS** was introduced to biking in 1987 by a 420-pound Undertaker (his club, not his profession) whom she met in a topless bar. "She didn't even bitch about being sore afterward," he told *Outlaw Biker*. **ROBERT SINCLAIR**, the 59-year-old recently retired CEO of SAAB Cars USA, wiped out at around 100 mph in 1988, breaking his hand and melting his face shield. **KEN WAHL** claims that were it not for a teenage motorcycle mishap, he might have become a pro baseball star instead of embarking on the career (gas-station attendant) that led him to acting. —*Sydney Schuster*

rappers like Vanilla Ice and Marky Mark absorb only the gimmickry of rap, the mall-walker warm-up suits and manhole medallions, in the tradition of rebel salesmanship. Once a rebel succeeds, once he owns the well-surveillanced house and the Jeep-size speakers, hasn't he just maybe become the establishment, the enemy, that-which-is-rebelled-against?

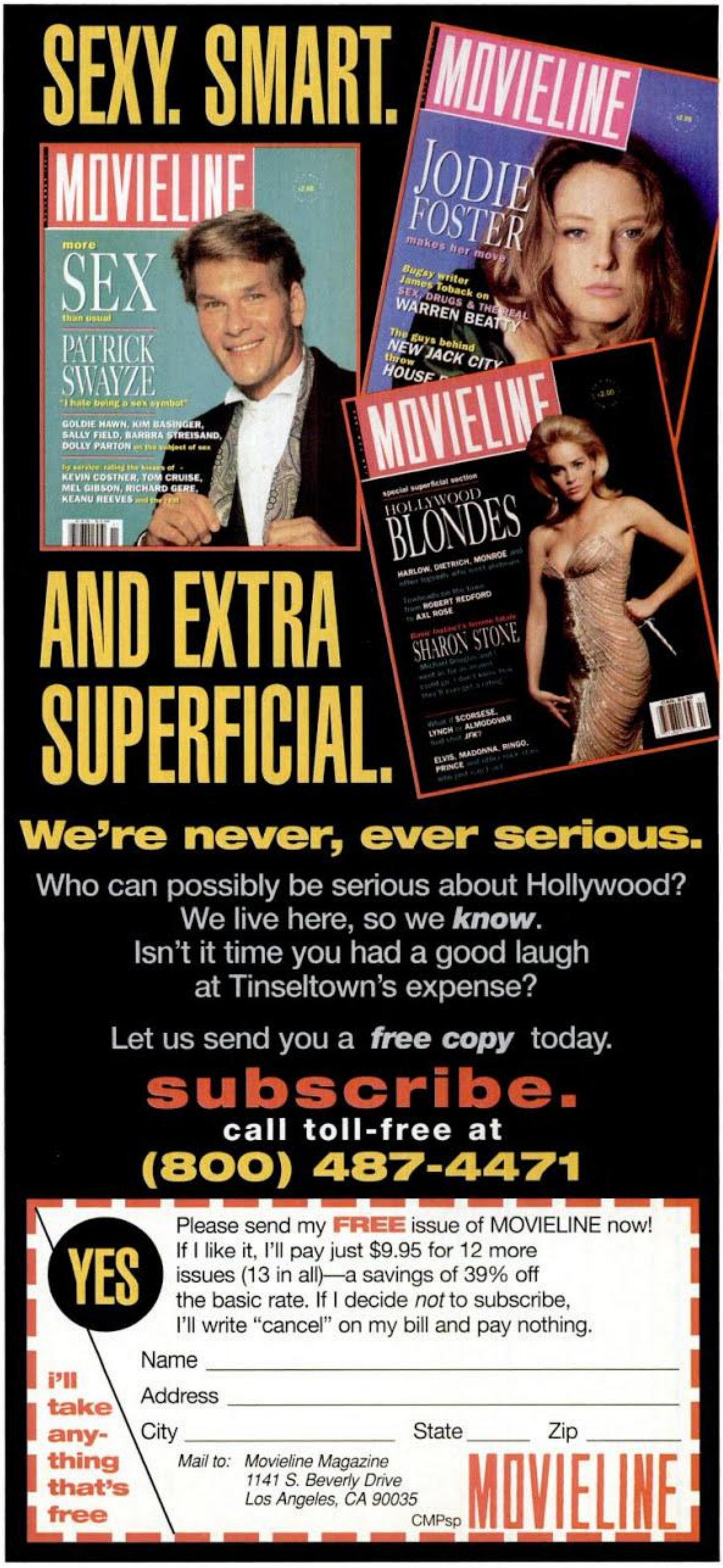
Is there rebellion outside of marketing? A positive rebellion, a crusade that might renew the concept? Or even a concept of chic beyond the weary cycle of pasty skin and stone-tumbled cowhide? A handful of candidates come to mind: ACT UP, for example, an organization founded to explode government and public indifference to the AIDS crisis. Queen Latifah may be a genuine rebel among rappers, battling the music's generic sexism. Betty Ford remains a rare White House rebel, sleekly using her position to confound her husband and her husband's party rather than as a stepping stone to becoming, say, a hack novelist of the Patti Davis literary guild. True rebellion entails risk and offers little hope of personal remuneration. True rebellion also involves scant glamour and few opportunities for trademarking. No one wants to dress like Salman Rushdie (even if we knew what he was wearing). Rushdie is perhaps not an intentional rebel, but he managed to outrage a well-armed world-class religion. The students who marched and died at Tiananmen Square recall the true American rebels of the Revolutionary War, who also did not demand a cut of T-shirt sales. Bona fide rebels are often near-anonymous. They are the men and women who file safety complaints against powerful corporations, or who bring discrimination, rape or sexual-harassment charges without the questionable benefit of national TV coverage. America was founded by rebels, as are most nations. America has also led the planet in neutering and huckstering any act of defiance. So perhaps we now possess a more appropriate response to the question *What are you rebelling against?* The only defensible answer may well be "Rebels."

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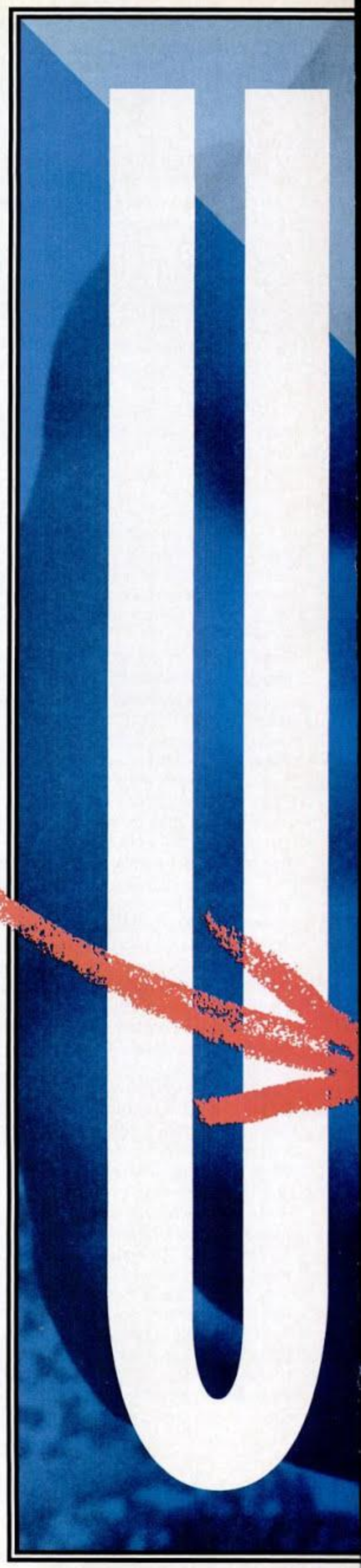
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HE'S A KENNEDY. HE'S BEST FRIENDS WITH GEORGE BUSH. HE'S THE BIGGEST STAR IN HOLLYWOOD. *AND NOW HE'S VERY, VERY MAD AT US.*

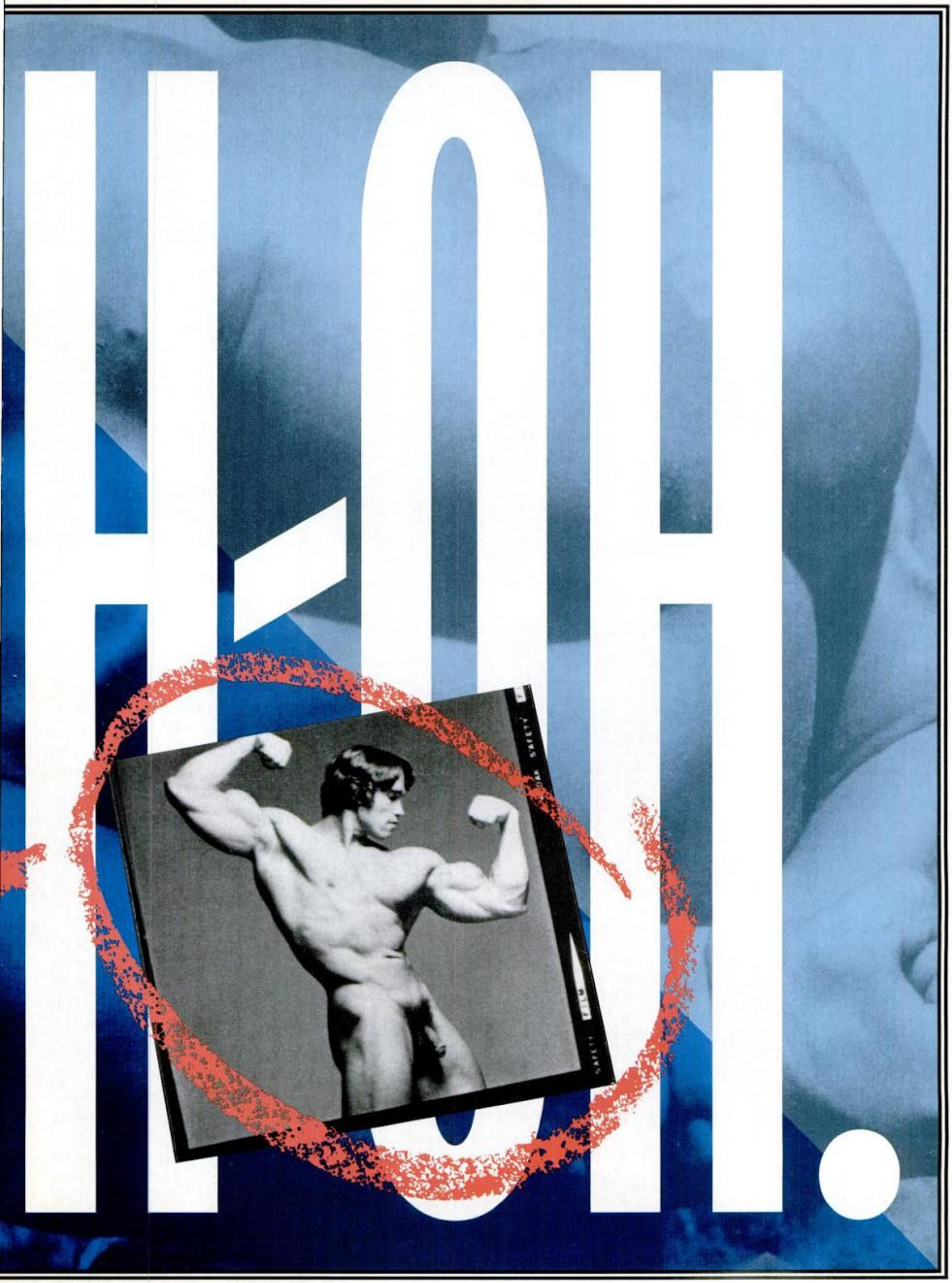


One day not so long ago, the world woke up to find that Arnold Schwarzenegger (*right*)—an Austrian bodybuilder who arrived in America in 1968 unable to speak English—had become the most powerful star Hollywood had ever seen. He makes $15 million a picture; unlike his muscle-bound predecessor Sylvester Stallone, he can alternate monstrously successful action pictures with hit comedies; neither Warren nor Jack can guarantee anything like the huge worldwide audience that Arnold can by simply showing up and saying, "Hasta la vista, baby."

More than just a well-paid Van Damme, however, Arnold has political influence and ambitions: His connections run from Ted Kennedy to George Bush, and by all accounts, he

by Charles Fleming

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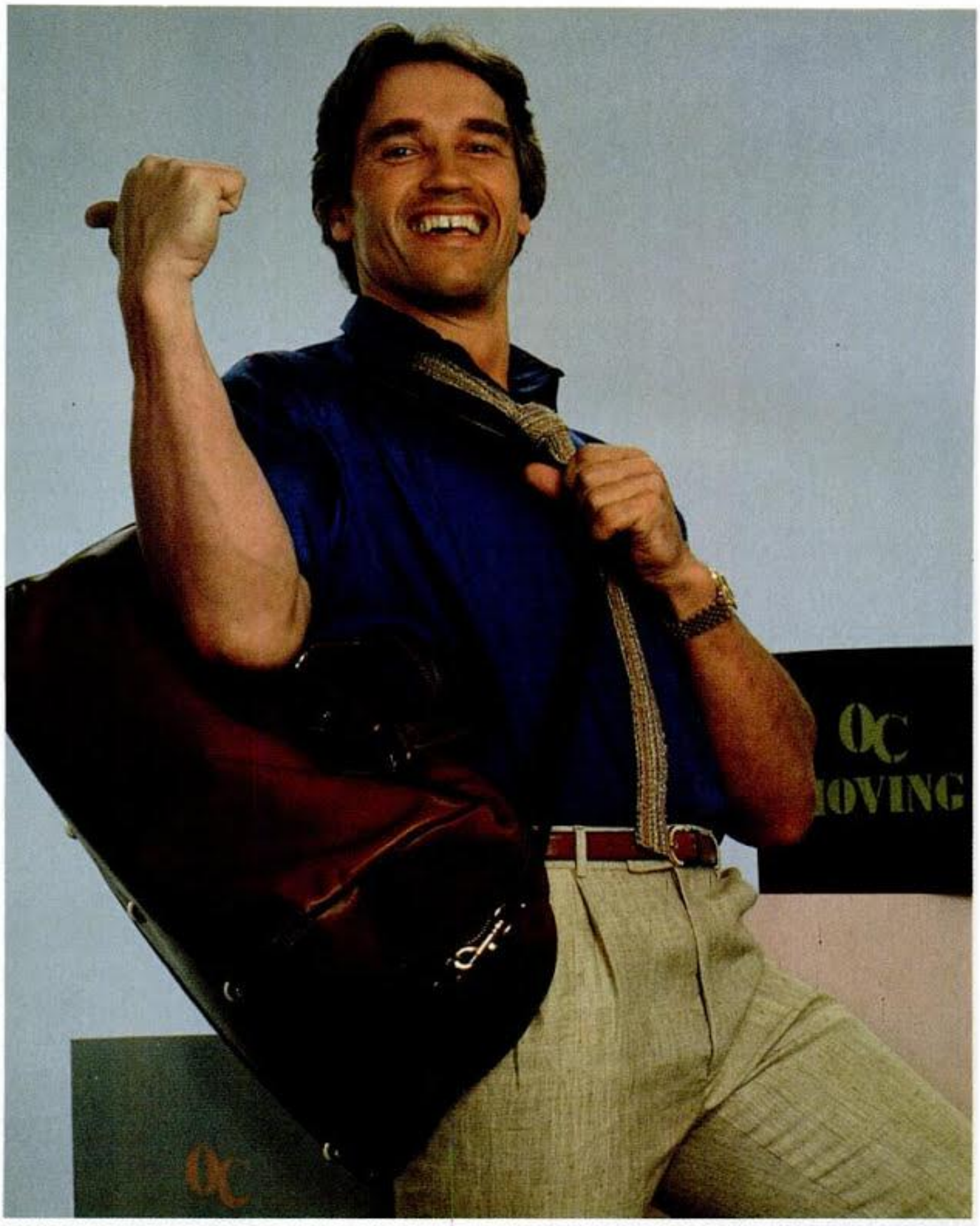
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hopes to run for governor of California or the U.S. Senate. But best of all, Arnold is warmly regarded as a cheery and honorable fellow about whom one can truly say, "The bigger they are, the bigger they are." Famous, rich, powerful, beloved...

This guy?

On June 16, 1991, all the elements of Arnold's apotheosis—politics and the movies, money and press agentry—fused together into a brilliant quasar of shamelessness. That night, the Simon Wiesenthal Center, which studies the Holocaust, held a dinner to honor the recipient of its National Leadership Award. George Bush spoke. The most expensive table cost $50,000, and the money raised at the event was to be used for the Wiesenthal Center's new Museum of Tolerance. The honoree? Arnold Schwarzenegger. He had been a generous supporter of the Center through the years, reportedly giving it $5-million.

"YOU SHAME YOUR MAGAZINE....I CAN
"BUT YOU WASTE 15 MINUTES ON THE



THE MOST EMBARRASSING PHOTO OF ARNOLD WE COULD FIND: Taken for a California magazine. The outfit, the "Goin' my way?" grin—why wasn't *this* suppressed?

All of Hollywood was there. Event chairmen for the evening were Peter Guber (Sony) and Jon Peters (formerly Sony). Cochairmen included the rest of the most powerful men in pictures: studio bosses Sid Sheinberg and Tom Pollock (MCA/Universal), Barry Diller (Fox), Michael Eisner (Disney), Martin Davis (Paramount), and Terry Semel and Bob Daly (Warner Bros.); former studio owners Marvin Davis and Jerry Weintraub (another of Bush's pals); monster agents Jeff Berg and Lou Pitt (ICM), and Michael Ovitz (CAA); and independents such as David Geffen and Mario Kassar (Carolco). One of the cochairs commented later, only a bit hyperbolically, "I think Arnold was the only goy in the room. Except for Maria."

Well, after all, what's so strange about Hollywood's applauding Arnold at a Wiesenthal Center dinner? Yes, his father was a Nazi; yes, he has been a consistent supporter and friend of renowned Nazi Kurt Waldheim. All right, so what if the rumors—confirmed for SPY by a businessman and longtime friend of Arnold's—that in the 1970s he enjoyed playing and giving away records of Hitler's speeches are true? The Wiesenthal Center dinner still makes perfect sense. As one guest said of the gathered moguls, "Arnold's very big right now, and everybody wants to work with him. Besides, this is Hollywood, and these guys would hire Hitler if it meant making money." And Arnold is nowhere near as bad as Hitler!

More than anything, the scene at the Wiesenthal Center was a triumph of public relations. Indeed, the Wiesenthal Center itself seems to be alert to this aspect of its relationship with Arnold. When SPY called the Center to ask for a copy of Arnold's father's Nazi Party membership card, a minion told us to "call his publicist." Arnold has achieved his position in the world largely because he wields ruthless control over his press. As one Paramount executive says, "Arnold exercises power the way the old-

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fashioned moguls did—they could cover up anything, make any problem go away."

Usually Arnold is successful. For example, there's the journalist who mirthfully tells of the star's backlot misdeeds—how he surprised Arnold in flagrante delicto during the filming of one of his blockbusters and how Arnold said, "Ve von't tell Maria about dis"—but who will never commit that story to print. And there's the movie executive who will tell you only in private, and never for attribution, about Arnold's occasional suggestions to the owner of a store where he shops that the two find some chicks who will perform an act Arnold calls "polishing the helmet." Arnold's rationalization, according to the store owner? "It's not being unfaithful. It's only some plo-jobs." Probably no one will ever quote the Hollywood producer who pals around with Arnold and says, "He's an unstoppable womanizer, even worse than the Kennedys." No, these tales will go with Arnold to the grave. Or at least they were supposed to have.

From time to time Arnold's defense perimeter is breached. Within 24 hours of the arrival at the SPY offices of an amusing photograph of Arnold, his publicist, Charlotte Parker, called SPY's editor to ask whether the magazine was doing a story on her client and was "seeking photos of a private nature." Actually, we weren't seeking such photos. We already had one: a picture taken by an anonymous photographer sometime in the 1970s and recently faxed all over the world. After Parker called SPY, someone else at SPY received a phone call from an acquaintance who is one of Arnold's business associates. The acquaintance warned that Arnold's representatives were contemplating filing criminal charges if SPY published this photograph. Since he said nothing about the ownership of the picture, he must have been referring to an assault on Arnold Schwarzenegger's modesty; as far as we know, however, this is not a crime in New York State.

We also came across another interesting picture of the future junior senator from California. This

TAKE A JOKE," ARNOLD YELLED, TERMINATOR'S ROD!"

one shows Arnold eating breakfast off of very fancy china while wearing a tank top and tight underpants. He was spending a sociable weekend with Paco Arce, a Spanish millionaire and notorious gay playboy whom Arnold visited in 1975; Arce himself was the photographer. On the floor behind Arnold in the picture is a stack of *Playgirl*s—no doubt purchased for the articles.

Poor Charlotte Parker. Her job is to protect Arnold; when she recently offered a magazine only 30 minutes of Arnold's time in exchange for a cover story, she said airily, "We don't want one of those long pieces that tries to figure Arnold out, so you won't need more time than that." Alas, after Arnold sees his copy of the March SPY, Parker will have some explaining to do. *Vat do you mean dere's no such t'ing as bed publicity?*

No one has suffered more from Arnold's heavy-handed tactics to suppress unflattering material than Wendy Leigh, the author of *Arnold*, a biography published in 1990. Before her book came out, Leigh contributed some reporting to a piece about Arnold for Britain's *News of the World*. Arnold brought a libel suit against the paper and against Leigh, and the paper settled for a small amount. The suit against Leigh is still pending. Arnold's side offered Leigh a settlement, demanding a large sum of money, a full and public apology for the article and a promise from Leigh not to address in her book allegations (which Schwarzenegger denies) of Arnold's homosexual experiences, his use of steroids, his sale of steroids, his theft of automobiles or his involvement in passport forgery. We have no evidence of Arnold's engaging in any of these last three activities—Arnold's lawyers just brought them up entirely out of the blue. Leigh declined the settlement.

Meanwhile, Franco Columbu and either Joe or Ben Weider, all longtime bodybuilding associates of Arnold's, offered Leigh's publisher, Contemporary Books, the choice of either a large amount of money or a biography written with Arnold if it would agree to cancel Leigh's book. Contemporary declined.

Arnold was released. The publisher suffered four break-ins in a month while preparing the book, although no connection has been established. *Arnold* contained the revelations that Arnold's father was a member of the Nazi Party and that Arnold has taken huge amounts of steroids, and Leigh had problems promoting it. *Good Morning America* discussed having Leigh on the show and then killed the idea, Leigh says, when Arnold's people brought pressure on the producers. A spokesman for *GMA* says simply, "Leigh was never scheduled to appear." According to Leigh, another television show, *AM Los Angeles*, scheduled an appearance by the author, promoted it for a week and then canceled it the night before the taping. *A Current Affair* did give Leigh airtime but ran a *very* harsh segment on her. A reporter at *Newsday* has said he was warned that if he ran an item about Leigh's book, *Newsday* wouldn't get an interview with Arnold. As the reporter related the incident on *Now It Can Be Told*, "I had a call from someone at one of the studios saying, 'What's going on? Arnold and his people aren't very happy....Go with this story and you probably won't get another interview with him at all.'"

Parker insists that Leigh's allegations are false. "We never said, 'Don't put on Wendy Leigh,'" Parker told SPY. But a highly

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placed television executive says, "Everything that has been said about what [Arnold's representatives] did to Wendy Leigh's book is true. To say it was heavy-handed...It was, 'If you want Arnold for the movie [*Total Recall*], don't do the book.' It was blatant." Bruce Lynn, a publicist who handled Leigh's book in America, says Schwarzenegger and Parker "did everything in their power to make [Leigh's] life miserable in promoting the book. She didn't get on certain shows that Arnold had power over."

Commenting on Leigh, Arnold has said, "Everybody in this country has the freedom to say what he or she wants to, but I sometimes think there is too much of that commodity for my taste." An interesting sentiment for a future American politician to express.

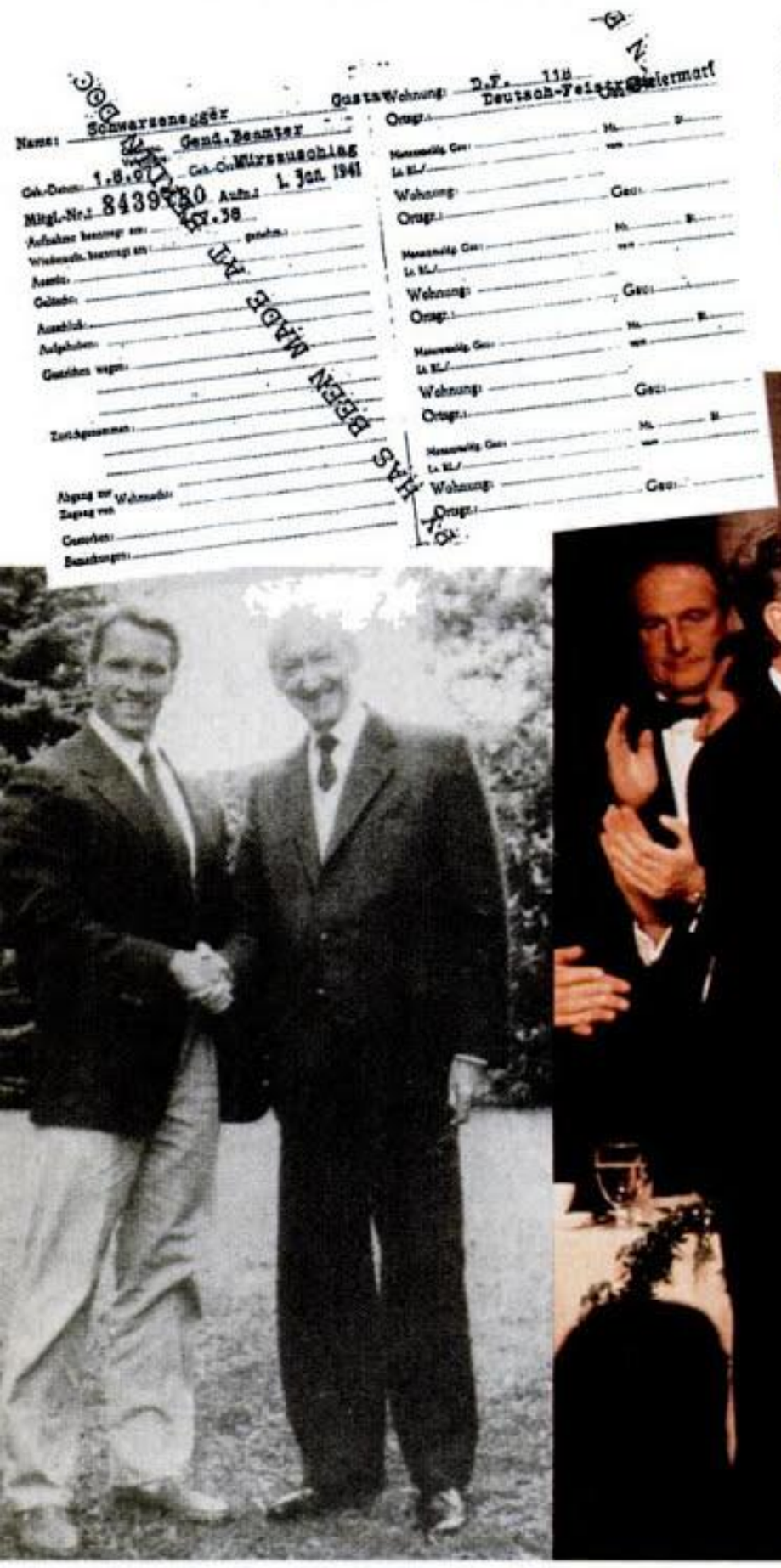
Wendy Leigh might be considered a special case. After all, she had written a book that contained particularly embarrassing information about Arnold. But even in the workaday world of celebrity journalism, Arnold is known for his obsessive attention to what is written about him. An important and powerful television journalist says that while everyone in Hollywood tries to control his press, Arnold is "a 1,600-pound gorilla in a town of 900-pound gorillas."

Before an interview with Arnold can even take place, a publication must agree to strict rules laid down by Charlotte Parker (whom two reporters describe as "the most loathed woman in Hollywood"—quite a triumph, given the competition): The interview should be for a cover story, it must focus on whatever movie Arnold has coming out at the time, and it cannot touch on certain topics. When *Time* did a cover story on Arnold and was granted an interview, Parker explained that the interview would be ended instantly if the reporters introduced the subject of Wendy Leigh's book, the Nazi affiliations of Arnold's father, or steroids; of course, the restrictions just made those topics more intriguing. At the Cannes Film Festival in 1990, journalists were asked to sign a document promising not to ask certain questions of Arnold.

Unfortunately, even after a reporter has been granted an interview, he still hasn't got much. When *Rolling Stone* agreed to put Arnold on its cover, the magazine was promised more time with Arnold than any other publication had ever been given—a whole weekend.

However, Bill Zehme, who wrote the profile, says the "weekend" turned into one 30-minute

WHEN *SPY* PHONED THE WIESEN FATHER'S NAZI MEMBERSHIP





SPRINGTIME FOR ARNOLD: Dad's Nazi Party card (*inset*); with renowned Nazi Kurt Waldheim (*left*); with Bush, Guber and Peters at the Wiesenthal Center dinner

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chat with Arnold at the Four Seasons Hotel in Los Angeles and, the next day, "45 minutes of sitting in some Eurotrash café in Beverly Hills where Arnold spent the entire time speaking German to some friends." A frustrated Zehme asked Arnold joshingly whether the Terminator was able to have sex; this insulted the star. "You shame your magazine," he said. When Zehme and Arnold saw each other at the *T2* premiere, Arnold was still outraged. "I'm a funny guy, and I can take a joke," he said. "But you waste 15 minutes on the Terminator's rod!" Parker denies that *Rolling Stone* was offered a whole weekend. "Arnold is going to spend the weekend with his family," she says.

In the end, Arnold got his cover story. And he even got to have his way about what he wore for the shoot. *Rolling Stone* had said that Herb Ritts would do pictures of Arnold. As Arnold. But Arnold wanted to dress up in his Terminator outfit, so that's what happened.

Arnold cares a lot about how he's photographed, and not only when he is posing freestyle or being shot for a magazine cover. His current obsession is with pictures that show him holding a cigar, since he thinks it ill suits the head of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports to be seen smoking. So let's get this straight: A man who took huge amounts of steroids becomes head of the President's Council on Physical Fitness, but his main worry is that people will think he smokes cigars. If *cigars* are Arnold's fitness scandal, then he really has made the steroid problem go away.

The reason Arnold gets his way with journalists is not a mystery: They need him more than he needs them. Arnold sells magazines; Arnold attracts viewers. If you don't play by Arnold's rules, then you don't get access to Arnold, and that's a difficult proposition for any magazine or television show that focuses on entertainment. In the case of a media conglomerate, the movie division may be upset if the company's newspapers or magazines offend Arnold—Barry Diller, president of Fox, reportedly made complaints along these lines to his boss, Rupert Murdoch, whose empire once included *Premiere* and *The Star*, among other periodicals. One reporter for *The Star* says that after it ran a piece displeasing to Arnold, "We got a lot of flak from higher up. We were told there's to be no more Arnold stories. Or at least nothing bad." A source close to Parker says she was successful in pressuring certain news organizations: "In order to protect him, she did certain things to make sure that if people did [give Arnold a hard time], they would no longer have access to Arnold."

The luxury of always dictating terms seems to have given Arnold and Parker the impression that anyone who wants to write about Arnold owes them something. Clay Felker, the editor of *M*, says Parker called him when she learned the magazine was planning a cover story about Arnold. He had never heard of her and was "really surprised by her behavior." She asked what the story was about and who was writing it. "It seemed she thought we needed her permission to do a story about Arnold Schwarzenegger, which is ridiculous," he says.

SPY has had exactly the same experience with Parker. Last spring, when she discovered that SPY was going to put a photo of Arnold on its cover, she called the editors of the magazine. Her anger and bewilderment were palpable—*A magazine putting Arnold on the cover without talking to me first!* In reporting this piece, we asked Parker about SPY's Arnold cover (June 1991), and she said, "We participated in that story"—a bizarre delusion. When Parker called SPY to ask about photographs of a private nature, she also asked repeatedly about the story the magazine was preparing and about the reporter. In a further conversation, SPY asked Parker about the practice of insisting that certain topics cannot be broached in an interview. She answered, "It is our right to do whatever stories we want to do....We are out there to promote a project. Sometimes we tell them to stick to a subject."

If Arnold really believes it is his right to do whatever stories he wants to do, though, he is in for a rude shock. In a race for the governorship or a Senate seat, "the *real* press will eat him alive," as one magazine editor says. A longtime associate of Arnold's agrees. "[Running for office] isn't like doing a PR campaign for some movie. If there is anything at all unpleasant in his background, [the press] will go after it like animals."

You can't help but wonder, for example, how campaign reporters would have treated the dinner at the Simon Wiesenthal Center. This rather astonishing spectacle caused no stir whatsoever among the "outlets," as they are known to the movie business, that cover Arnold, except as an occasion to puff him. Neither *Vanity Fair* nor *Entertainment Tonight*, *Premiere* nor *Good Morning America* seemed very interested in the event. However, if Arnold were in the middle of a political campaign and were honored by a Holocaust philanthropy, some intrepid reporter would be digging into his past associations and comments faster than you can say, "Donna Rice." Or, as they would put it on *Entertainment Tonight*, if Arnold does indeed go into electoral politics, his relationship with the press will change from *The Silence of the Lambs* to *Dances With Wolves*.

THAL CENTER TO GET A COPY OF ARNOLD'S CARD, A MINION SAID, "CALL HIS PUBLICIST"

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Review of Reviewers

That's Show Business

Cybill Shepherd's Rice Diet, Warren Beatty's Meaty Fragrance, Sly Stallone's Weak Punch, and Some Whale Blubber

by Humphrey Greddon

Last month I noted that Norman Mailer had profiled Warren Beatty in the December *Vanity Fair* and described how smart Beatty is (less smart than Norman Mailer); later that month, *Vanity Fair* contributor James Kaplan wrote a profile of Warren Beatty for *Entertainment Weekly* and—scoring a knockout against Mailer in the intergenerational literary slugfest—described how smelly Beatty is (more smelly than James Kaplan). Having acknowledged that Beatty "isn't a sun god. He's mortal," Kaplan concluded his article with this paragraph:

> The secrets are safe. Including the biggest one of all. After we shook hands at his house, as I drove to the airport, on a weird impulse, I sniffed my hand. I've always wondered: Besides fame, wealth, looks, and intelligence, what *does* he have? Is it an after-shave? My hand gave off a strong, musty, big-animal scent. Warren Beatty doesn't go away easily.

Maybe Beatty's secrets are safe, but it seems Kaplan has a little trouble keeping his own.

In *The New York Times*, Esther Fein wrote admiringly about David Rosenberg, who has made new translations of various biblical texts. For example, Fein said, the King James version of the Twenty-third Psalm says, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," but Rosenberg's translation says, "The Lord is my shepherd and keeps me from wanting what I can't have." Rosenberg did the translation for Harold Bloom's *Book of J*, which argued, you will recall, that much of the Bible must have been written by a woman. That woman: Sinéad O'Connor.

When a gossip columnist steps back to take the big view, he can easily fall off a ledge. William Norwich, the gossip columnist for the *New York Post*, became outraged when Bernard Weinraub of the *Times* wrote about a benefit dinner in Hollywood for Oxfam America at which stars like David Byrne and Cybill Shepherd would consume rice and water. Norwich cares deeply about the celebrities who are his clients—uh, subjects—and so the next day he wrote the following in response to the *Times* article, his arms wheeling wildly as he plummeted:

> Yes, [the benefit dinner] sounds absurd, a veritable three-ring circus of the ridiculous and, of course, an easy mark for a journalist schooled in sarcasm. But didn't we write articles like that when we were in our 20s? Now that it's the 1990s, I don't know if this screwed-up world can support a whole lot of star turns by scribblers with razor-blade skates.

Okay, since I am a sarcasm-schooled

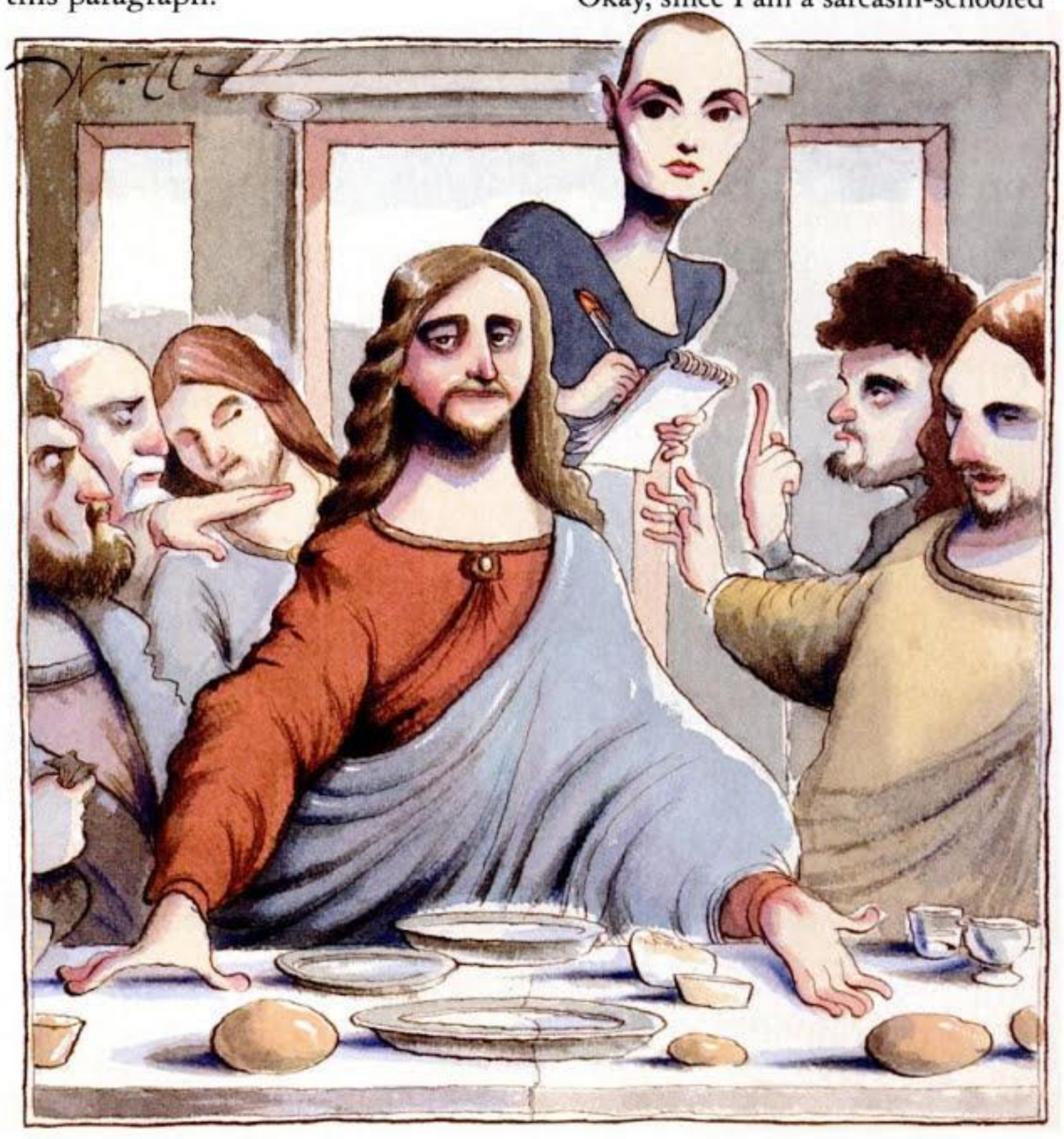


Illustration by Michael Witte

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scribbler who performs regularly in *Cyrano on Ice*, I might be taking this a little personally, but as for the excellent Bernard Weinraub, Norwich has got the wrong man. Weinraub's story was perfectly straightforward, and, we hate to inform Norwich, instead of attending fragrance launches, the 52-year-old Weinraub has spent more than 30 years at the *Times*, the last eight as a D.C. correspondent.

The *New York Post*'s William Norwich cares deeply about the celebrities who are his clients—uh, subjects

And speaking of gossip columnists in the *Post*, Norwich's colleague Cindy Adams recently gave us a look at the prose stylings of Sylvester Stallone. Adams quoted a letter Stallone had written to Mark Kostabi, the 1980s artist who has boasted of his skill as a commercial self-promoter, and who isn't even authentically good at that. Apparently, Kostabi had written Stallone to apologize for making fun of him years ago, after Stallone had bought several Kostabi paintings. According to Adams, Stallone replied that Kostabi was a force in the art world "as I believe I am a force to be reckoned with in my cinematic universe. Therefore, I...was wounded deeply by remarks you made in public, and I am slow to heal.... Like one of Rambo's arrows or a left hook from Rocky, let me just punch to the heart of the subject. I would like to be your friend, and from this moment on no caustic remarks will pass from my lips." Curiously, Stallone sounds almost exactly like Nathan Detroit—florid, excessively polite, no contractions—*but no, Sly, that doesn't mean we think your next comeback effort should be a musical.*

The novelist Frederick Busch wrote about Graham Greene in *GQ*:

> So make a moral, a psychological, map. Block in an oceanic need for faith and the need to evade it. For continents, sketch out the need for love and the helpless betrayal love itself seems to cause. Add the need to help and the utterly human talent for doing harm. You have charted Greeneland.

I'm lost.

Jeffrey Hart is an English professor at Dartmouth, an exceptionally right-wing editor of the *National Review* and a faculty patron of the *Dartmouth Review*. He also writes a syndicated column, and this winter found him working up some poesy for his readers as he described a river scene in Grand Rapids:

> All of a sudden I saw thousands of blue dancing lights heading downstream....The blue fish possessed a sort of cosmic vitality. The very energy of these newly born fish, the sun glinting on their blue backs as they leaped and swam, was a joyful spectacle.

Hart's description is certainly beautiful, poetic even. Alas, the little blue fish were not *exactly* cosmically vital, since they were made out of rubber, which is cosmically inert. Unknowingly, Hart had witnessed an annual small-rubber-whale race that was held to raise money for a museum. The purpose of Hart's column was to condemn the men standing in the river who scooped up the thousands of leaping, glinting, vital fish in nets and dumped them on the bank, Hart believed, to die. When his mistake was pointed out to him, he did not miss a beat in a subsequent column as he returned the blame where it belonged: "The use of rubber whales sends exactly the wrong message to the citizens of Grand Rapids." *Rubber whales! What's this country coming to?*

We have recently been alerted to the following sentence that appeared in *The New Yorker*:

> This demonstration that ethnic relations in the city that Edward Koch, Dinkins' City Hall predecessor and his opponent in the primary, had been in charge of for nearly twelve years had fallen so low that a young black man could not stop off in a white neighborhood without fatal results undoubtedly helped Dinkins win the primary.

Undoubtedly. Without a doubt.

Boy, Richard Corliss can *write*. Corliss covers show business, as it is quaintly called, for *Time*, and he doesn't mind chewing the scenery himself occasionally. In a story about Martin Scorsese, Corliss began with a description of the director's 75th-floor midtown-Manhattan apartment: "Central Park is a toy football field, and the swaying trees a sea of pompoms at half time. In the apartment's foyer, a poster of the furtive Italian classic *Ossessione*—good title for nearly any Scorsese project—auditions you." Um, what?

When the *Times*'s excitable music critic Bernard Holland shared his overcappuccinated ramblings about *The Ghosts of Versailles*, a new opera, he apparently heard strange voices—and not just those of the singers. "'The Ghosts of Versailles' holds up its hand and tells us: 'Relax. It's only an opera,'" Holland wrote at one point. Farther along, he mentioned "two levels of make-believe whose sacrosanct boundaries are continually violated by poachers wandering back and forth across them. 'All this is fake,' they seem to be telling us." Then Holland explained the understanding that operagoers have with opera that allows them to willingly suspend disbelief. However, "'The Ghosts of Versailles' breaks the contract. It returns our payment and says, 'No deal.'" Auditory hallucinations in a music critic would seem to be a bad sign.

Finally, *Entertainment Weekly* said that Stephen Soderbergh's horrible *Kafka* "includes symbolic references to such Kafka standbys as trials and castles." You know, typical Kafka *shtick*. Oh, well, that's show business.

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Live White Male

Holy Cosmetics!

Wait a Minute—*Congress* Opens With a Prayer?

by Roy Blount Jr.

When General Noriega declared he had found Jesus while awaiting trial, his attorney acknowledged that some would regard this conversion as a ploy: "There are people who are just cynical about everything."

Surely Barbara Bush is not such a person. She is a cheerful believer in, for instance, school prayer. "We grew up with grace before meals," Mrs. Bush has said. "Congress opens with a prayer. The Supreme Court opens with a prayer. I've never known anyone it hurts."

One thing that always needs to be pointed out to Republicans is that they do not know everyone. Not even everyone worth knowing. Mrs. Bush may not even know anyone who has been hurt by the recession, since she may not know anyone who believes there *is* a recession.

Nor does she know the guy who sat behind me all through the third grade and thumped me on one particular vertebra every morning during the Lord's Prayer. Sometimes he'd do it right in the middle of "Forgive us our trespasses." (By the time I was in high school the Lord's Prayer had changed to "Forgive us our debts," but let's not get into that.) I don't think this guy behind me was making any kind of religious point, but I don't think school prayer made any, either. My vertebrae stuck out a lot back then, and I was smaller than this guy, and he probably just couldn't resist. It hurt.

However, I am tempted to believe there is a God, because of that story last year about the truck driver who said he was heterosexual, that he'd been faithfully married for the previous 25 years and impotent for the previous 10, that he'd taken an intravenous drug only once and with a sterile needle, and that he had joined co-workers in seeking out and beating up gay men several times a week from 1982 through '88. So doctors theorized that he'd contracted AIDS through bashing-incurred cuts on his knuckles. But he may have thought he'd come up with the only story that would keep the guys at work off his back. Except for the impotence part. Anyway, you don't want to base a religion on a guy like that.

Thomas Sutherland, the hostage who was released by extreme religionists after being chained up off and on for six years in Lebanon, said he prayed and prayed during captivity, "and nothing happened." Right before his keepers beat him on the bottoms of his feet, he said, they prayed. That way they felt forgiven in advance. He said he came out of the whole experience an agnostic.

An agnostic believes there is no way of knowing whether things have any ultimate cause or essential nature, that human knowledge is limited to experience. But how do you make sense out of experience? Scientifically? Nobody, with the possible exception of scientists, can make sense out of science anymore.

According to an AP dispatch, a religious philosopher named Loyal D. Rue believes that science, in his words, "has eroded the plausibility of the Judeo-Christian myths. It has got into our heads and consciousness in such a way that the traditional myths can't be swallowed." But without religious myths, Rue says, we are left with belief in nothing. "Nihilism is not something that can be argued away. I assume it's true. But it is ultimately destructive," a "monstrous truth." "It remains for the artists, the poets, the novelists, the musicians, the filmmakers, the tricksters and the masters of illusion," says Rue, "to winch us toward our salvation by seducing us into an embrace with a noble lie."

The tricksters, is it?

"You'll see more promotional activity this year than last," said the chairman of the Associated Merchandising Corporation as the most recent holiday shopping season dawned upon a nervous economy. "The consumer wants to be able to buy at the lowest possible price, and I don't think anything is sacred these days, with the exception of cosmetics and very few of the branded lines."



I don't know what those lines are, but let's say Chanel purses. And promotional activity. Republicans may be able to hunker down with that, for the time being.

Philosopher Loyal D. Rue
Says nihilism is true—
However, bad for us.
Here is an ad for us:
"Consume Until Something Comes Through!"

Illustration by Mark Matcho

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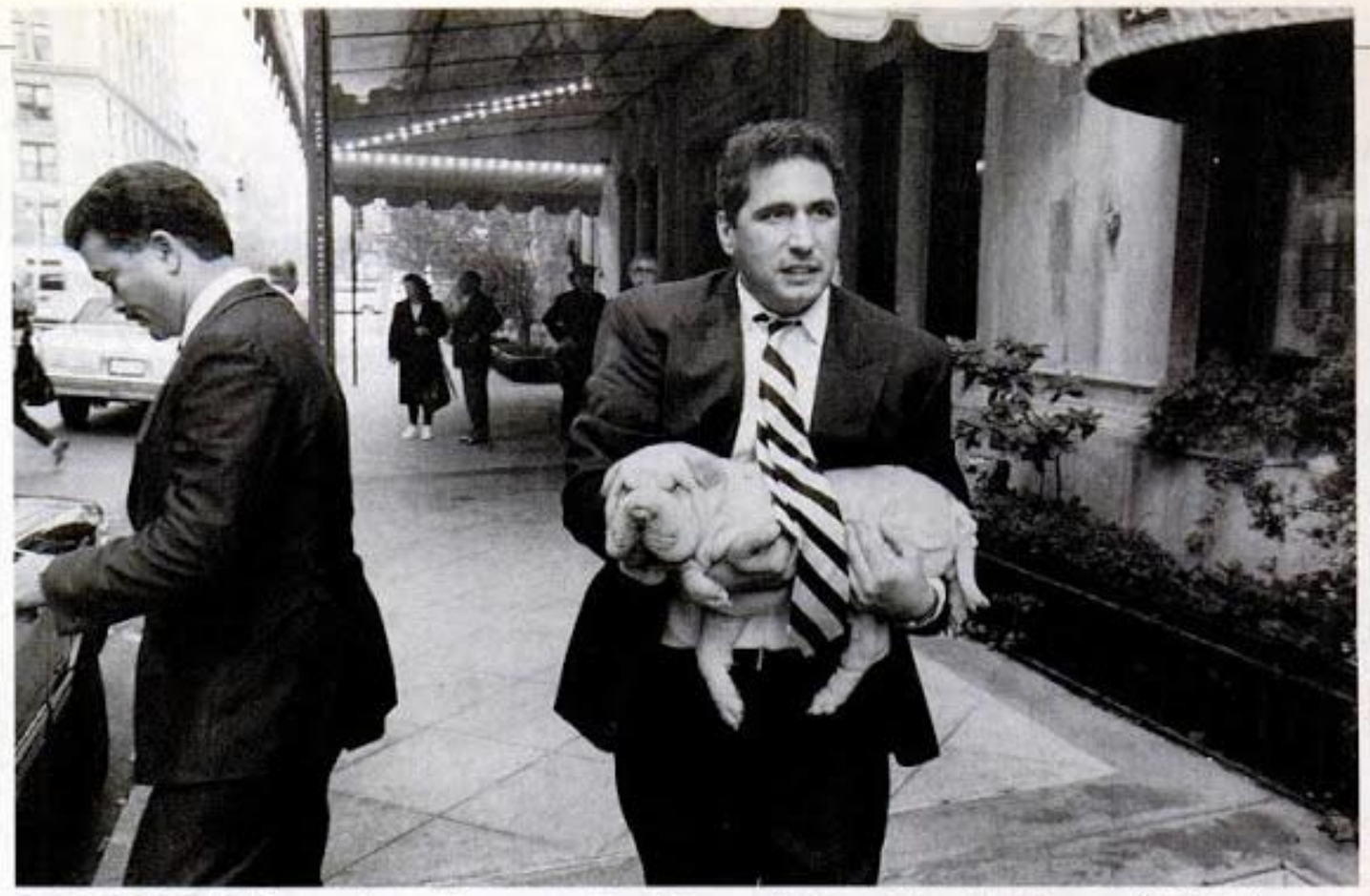
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Vogue's always-warm-and-jolly editor, Anna Wintour, from the neck up the most stylish woman in America.



A DOG'S LIFE Limousine driver carries Shar-pei from Mayfair Regent Hotel to waiting limo en route to Paris.

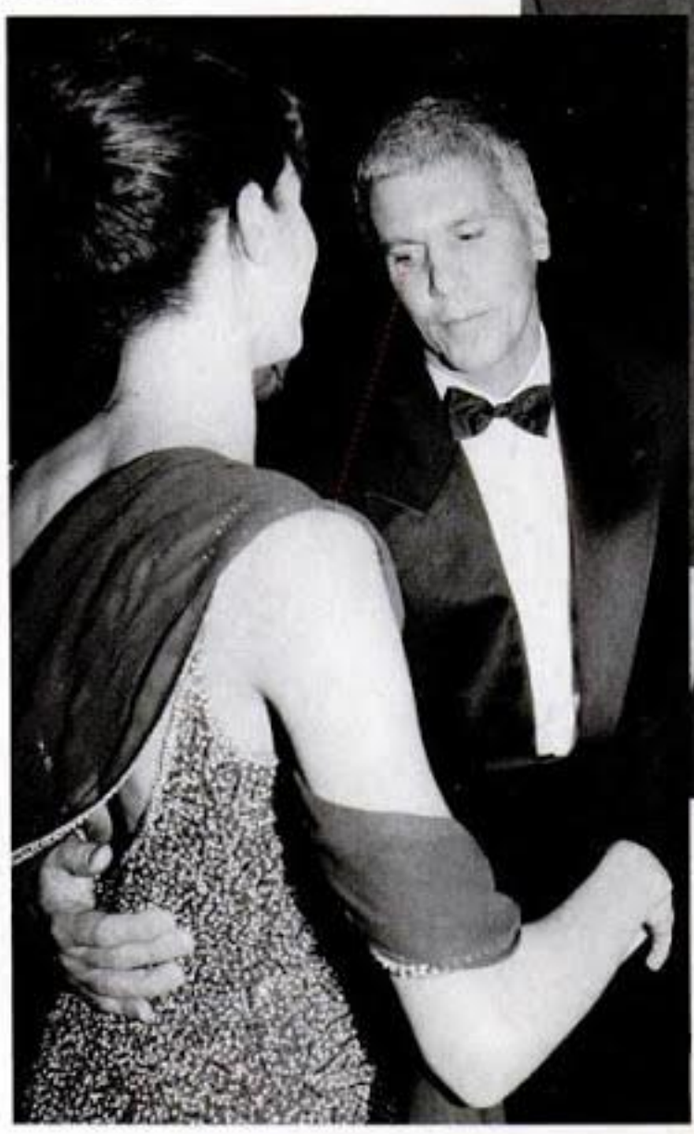
Party POOP



ANY CONTACT BUT EYE CONTACT Even while dancing, self-consciously menacing art trafficker Larry Gagosian doesn't let a moment pass without seeking out important new prospects.



DOUGHGIRL At the March of Dimes Gourmet Gala, Sylvia-Miles-of-tomorrow Brooke Shields alluringly hoists a fistful of her special Spring Roll Surprise dough toward Laura-Ashley-to-the-rich Mario Buatta.



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CUBISM—*LIVE!* GOP cosmetics peddler and air-kisser extraordinaire Georgette Mosbacher demonstrates her singular form on fitness expert and bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord: Using the lower facial muscles, she pivots her mouth all the way around to almost under her right eye, thereby guaranteeing that no actual lipstick-to-lipstick contact occurs.



JES' FOLKS Preparing to cook French Toast Norma at the March of Dimes Gourmet Gala, professional divorcée and "novelist" Ivana Trump tries to discover how an oven works. And at a party at the Whitney Museum, terribly, terribly amused novelist turned celebrity profiler Norman Mailer and his wife, Norris Church, grin condescendingly at a Duane Hanson sculpture of an ordinary American.



COLLECT 'EM! ***Your fave quasi celebrities are now bendable action figures!*** **Kick-boxer Jean-Claude Van Damme stretches at a Manhattan club designed to resemble the hovel of an impoverished Brazilian. At a party in a department store, perky socialite Jann Wenner aims a little wiggle and a wave in the direction of Calvin Klein. Shag-haircut holdout Rod Stewart curtsies at the Four Seasons. And Macy's-balloon-impersonating *Post* editor Jerry Nachman shows off his ballet training.**



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Oval Office Diary

Notes Toward a Nonfiction Novel

TRANSCRIPTION OF GHWB DICTAPHONE RECORDING 021-0192

Dear Dictaphone . . . Don't know how to say this.

Feel a little silly getting sentimental over--you're just, after all, you're just a recording device. A fine, fine device, though, now that I remember what button to hit. [EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!] Hey, just kidding. And obviously I don't feel as silly as I did barfing on Miyazawa's pants. Still, Bar says we've got to stop seeing each other. And so do Teeter and Mosbacher, and--Candid City now--so do Mr. and Mrs. Walker Danforth Public, out there in America's lobster pot. Because--facing it--I'm getting approval numbers like Nancy Reagan's, or like that Mayor Dinkness--wooo!--and New Hampshire isn't far off. So instead of talking to a machine, there's a need for prudency and dropping in on flag factories again. The support-drumming thing. The grass roots. The hoi. And Bar says besides, nobody reads one-term memoirs anyway. So it's the last diary installation here. Least till I'm back in Mr. Smooth mode and stop slicing the ball, image-wise.

Tell ya, it's hard keeping those poll numbers up. Dorrance Smith thought, Let's put me on TV with all those local anchors--slow-pitch softball, that's what that was, for about 900 innings. Well, maybe it helped. But if things don't get a lot better soon, I'm gonna be taking questions from the weather guys. Might be fun. Could talk about my presidential slickers. Let me make a note to mention that to Sig.

'Cause of course you want to keep everyone qui--happy. But with Buchanan and Duke on the one hand, that have their supporters that worship them and so forth, and on the other side all those Democrats . . . just don't know which group of voters to ingratiate myself with.

Ingratiating--that reminds me, gotta say I don't miss Sununu. First few years, he's screwing up, my attitude is, Fray down there--stay up here. But it never ended, and every time he did something--and what I really hated--I had to stop what I was doing and stroll across the White House lawn with him or something. For the cameras. Get in and out of helicopters with him. Look at a piece of paper together with him and frown. Show that we were still like that. And then Bar had to grit her teeth and say something nice, and I had to, and he was in every picture for days. Know how ya spell relief? S-K-I-N-N-E-R.

Guess it's the end here. Well, maybe there's some military-action mode that we can get going again: Whole country bonds together, polls bouncing off the roof, Bar lets me resume Dictaphoning. Get Powell to look into it. But I'll leave you with a little--a sneak preview--of the basic message of the reelection campaign that I know I haven't even announced yet. Came up with it myself: "Bush-Quayle '92--Go with the status quo." Now, if you don't mind, I got some practicing to do.

Azerbaijan, the Uzbek one--Uzbeki-beki-stan, Kazakhstan, Turkman--Turkman? Well, that's not such a hard one--istan, um, Tadzhik . . . Tadzhik . . . Tadzhikazeruzbekkazstan? Heck-with-it-stan. Anybody for bowling?

January 1992
GHWB:gk

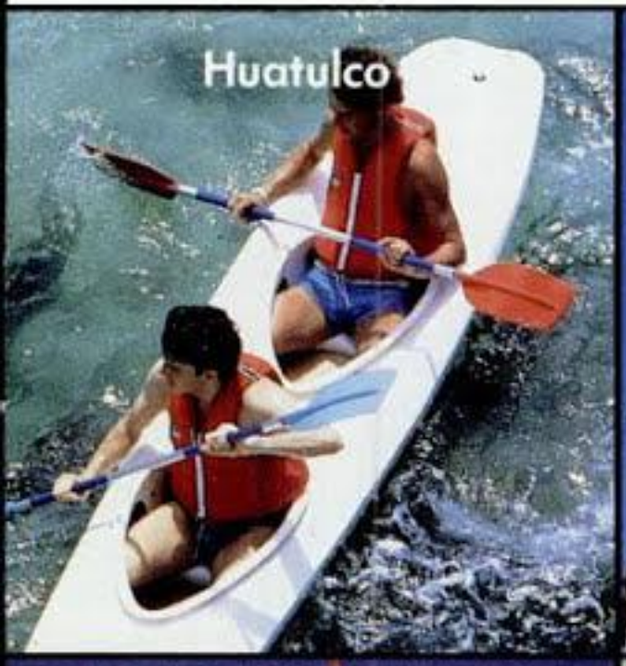
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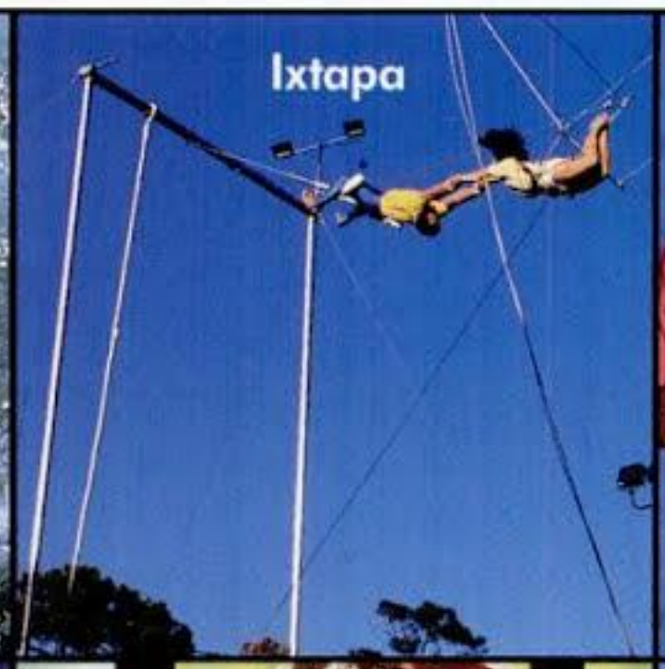
Like the perfect gown or a well-tailored suit, a Club Med vacation has to fit.

At Club Med, vacations come in different sizes and styles. Some cater to couples, others to singles. Some offer families a week of kids' activities so parents can enjoy a week of their own. There are vacations that focus on water sports. Others on tennis and horseback riding. Some for exploring the oceans via intensive scuba programs. Another that lets you cruise the Caribbean aboard the world's largest sailing ship, the Club Med I. The question, of course, is *which* Club Med will give you precisely the vacation you're looking for? Fortunately, the answer is as simple as asking your travel agent, or calling **1-800-CLUB-MED.** No squeezing big vacation plans into a one-size-fits-all package. No altering your schedule to suit someone else's itinerary. As long as you have a vacation in mind, Club Med has a vacation you'll long remember. Somehow, it seems fitting.

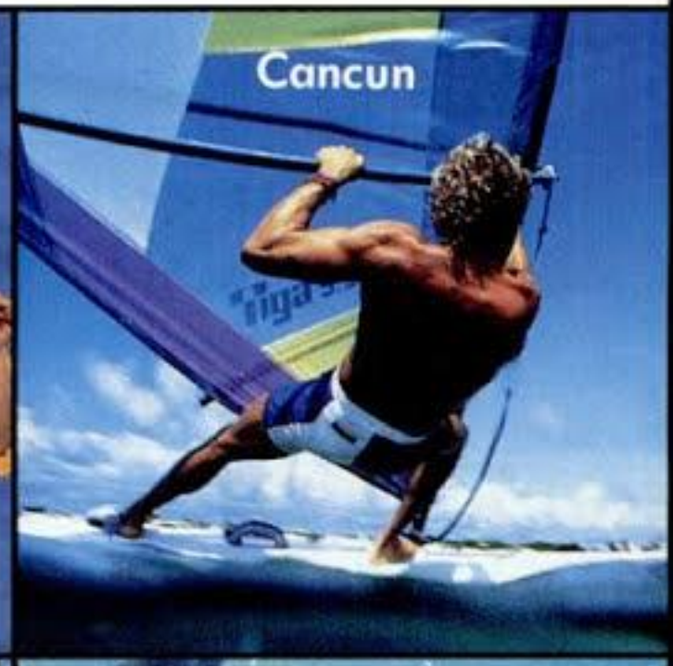
Club Med
The antidote for civilization.

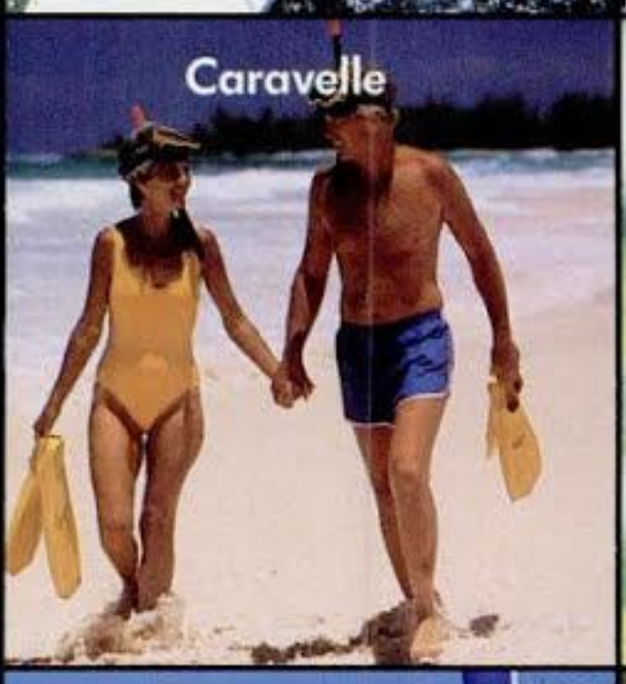
This year, take home a Club Med vacation.



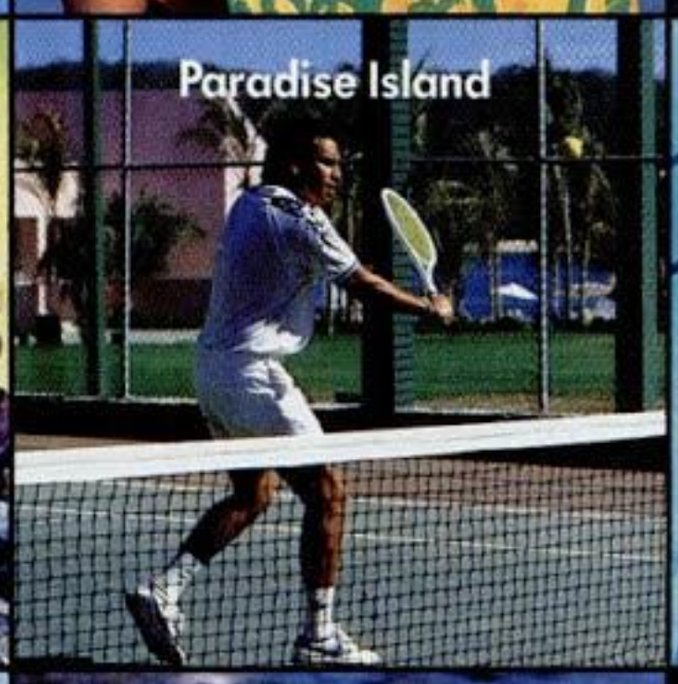


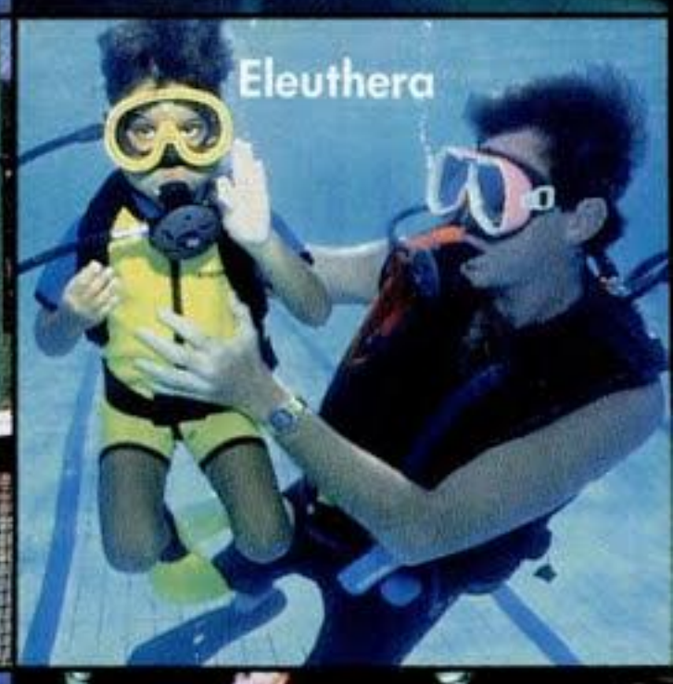


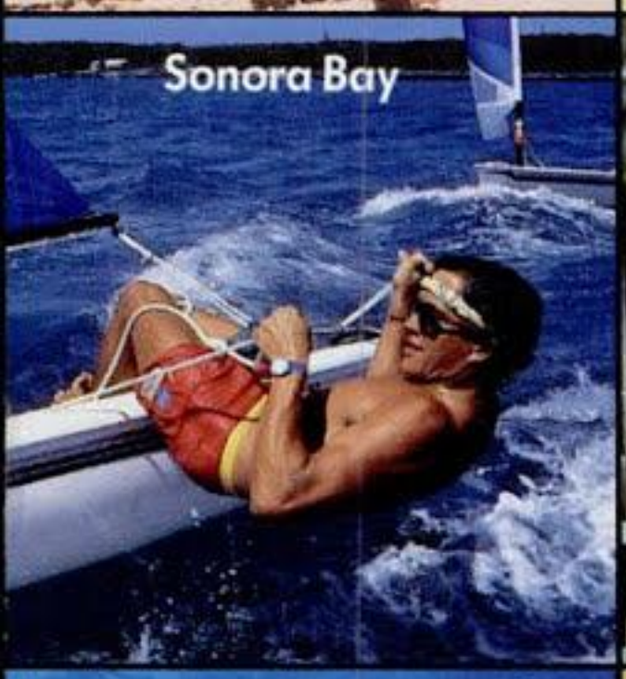


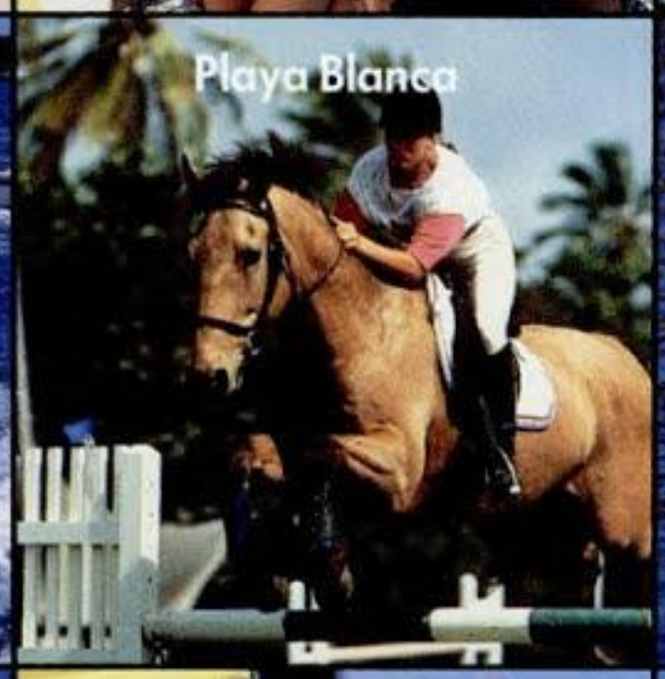


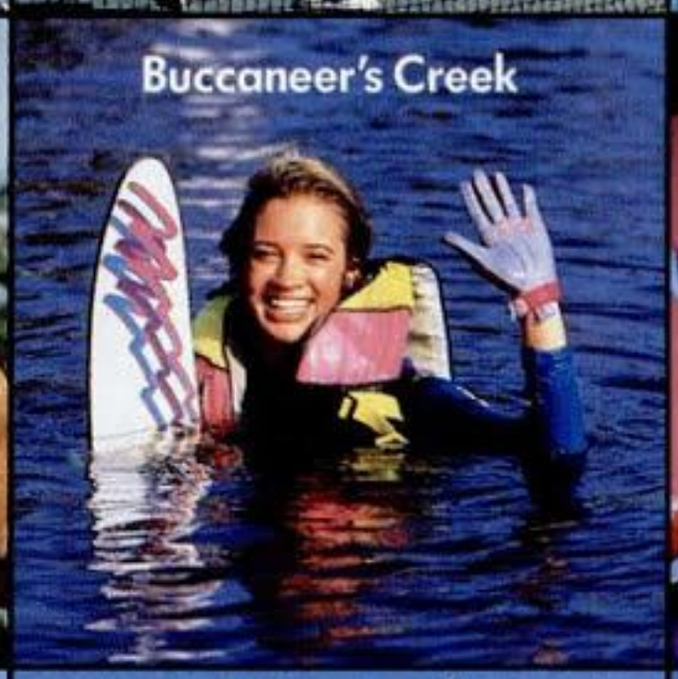


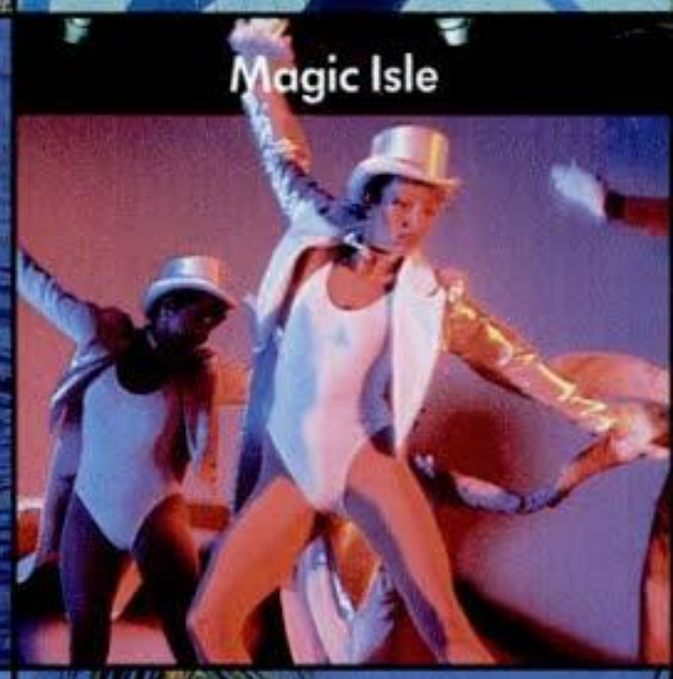


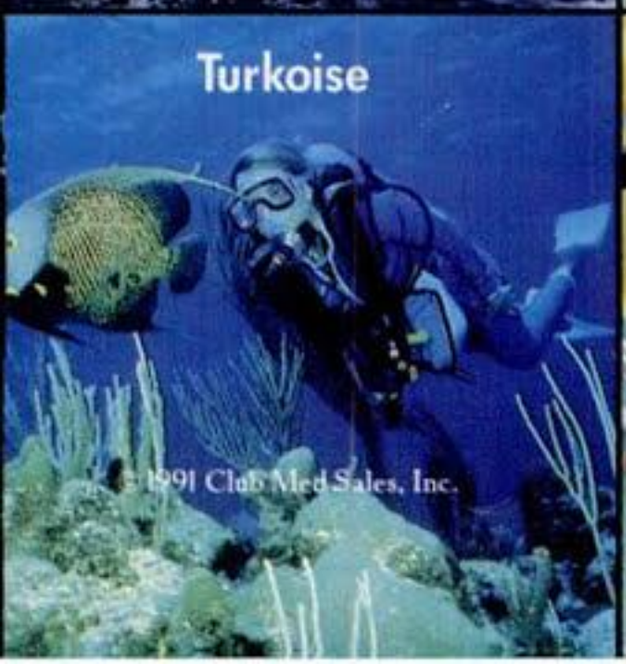


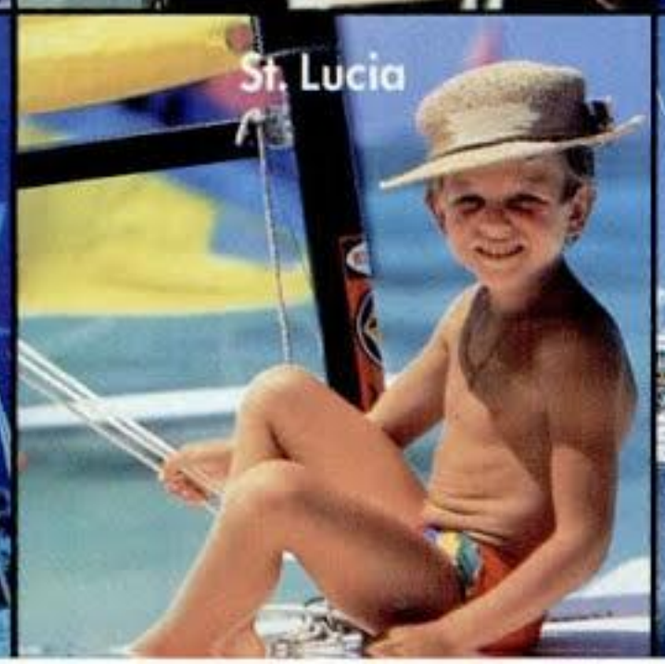


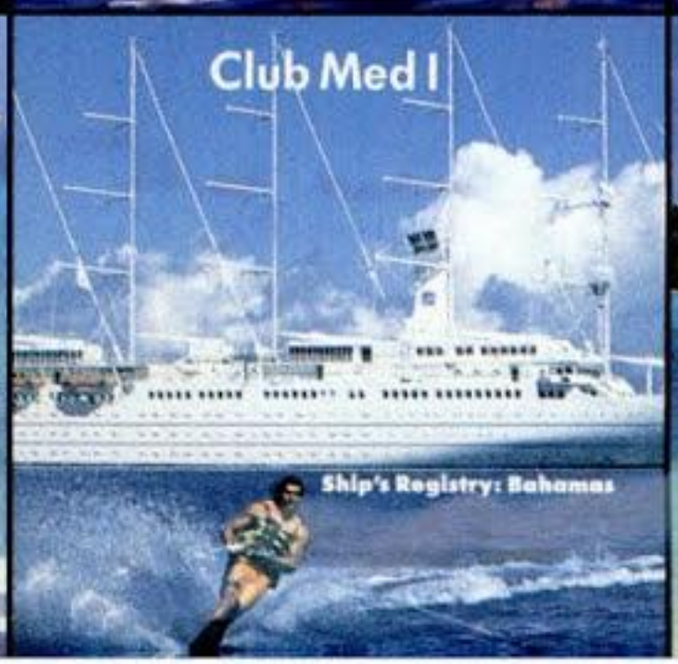


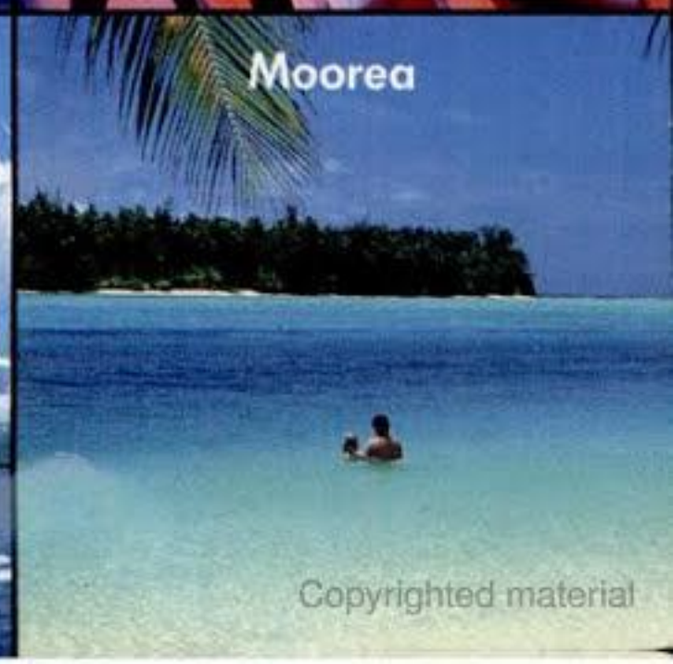












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